Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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EZEKIEL HOLMES, } Editors.
S. L. BOARDMAN, }

Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

The Two Hundred Thousand Dollar Leak.

We feel constrained to sound the bugle once more in your ears on this subject, and we do it because it is a leak in our domestic and State economy, which, it the farmers of Maine will, they can stop; because, in a grazing country like ours, it is not very creditable for us to buy and bring into our territory so large an amount of an article which we can produce ourselves, and also because a penny saved being as good or better than a penny earned, the money sent out to pay for cheese to that amount, if expended among our own dairymen, would help them and the country amazingly. Now there is no getting rid of the fact, that this sum of money is drained from us every year, for the single article of cheese; nor of the equally plain fact, that, if that supply of cheese were made in Maine, of the same quality, it would command the same price. Why not get ourselves into a condition to do it? All that we seem to need, is a little of that necessary requisite of success in any thing, viz., "faith and good works." Faith, or unshaken belief that the thing can be done, and after that, zealous, well applied labor is the result of a guiding knowledge of the business. Here, there is need, many of us, to improve our minds in the required knowledge of the art, for cheese-making is an art, which involves a knowledge of the chemical properties of milk, of the changes which it is made to undergo by certain chemical agents, as runnet, for instance, &c., applied to it; and also certain mechanical operations required in operating with the agents in question. This knowledge must be gained by studying into the above named principles, by observation, and by practical manipulation in the dairy room. The first may be obtained, theoretically, by reading works written on the subject, by conversation with persons experienced in the business, but the last, the practical part, can be obtained only by personal, individual labor in the dairy with your own hands.

Mr. Goodale's report contains plain and practical details of the theoretical part—a clear and definite exposition of the chemical properties of milk—the changes it undergoes by the agents applied to it, and also minute directions for guiding you in the manual operations required to carry the theories or laws of chemical agency in this business out into successful results.

One of the many improvements now practiced in most of the New York dairies, enables them to cure large cheeses, ready to be exported across the Atlantic to England, in forty days from the time they are first put into the press. This is not only a saving of time, of labor, and of capital, but there is also an additional profit accruing on account of more speedy return of capital invested.

They do this by taking advantage of, or applying the knowledge above named, and by improved apparatus whereby they can more promptly and efficiently perform the labor required. Now this, when all the knowledge is acquired, and fixtures obtained, can be done as well in a small dairy as a large one.

At an informal meeting one evening during the session of the Board of Agriculture, we had the pleasure of examining specimens of cheeses made in Herkimer county, N. Y., specimens from Connecticut, and specimens from one of the dairies in Jay, and from Greene, in this State. They were all good cheeses, but of different qualities. That from New York was made for the English market. It was of the kind called *Cheddar* cheese in that country, "mellow and rich in taste," and of a "nutty flavor."

That from Connecticut, called Goshen cheese, was made for the southern market. It was harder in texture than the other, and more brittle and dry. A great deal of this kind is shipped to the West Indies, and must of course be less soft and fatty, to enable it to keep well there.

The Maine cheeses were like those made in Vermont and Worcester county, Mass., of different flavor and texture from either, such as is preferred in the Boston market.

We think a few cheese exhibitions during the winters, in different parts of the State, would be of service. At such exhibitions, cheeses from different parts of the Union should be brought forward and cut up for every one to take a piece of and eat. This would be the best mode of judging of their different qualities, and every man and woman present could be their own committee. Such a meeting and such tests would show wherein we were right and wherein wrong, wherein we had arrived at the point of excellence and wherein we could still further improve. A cheese convention or two, conducted in this way, would help us wonderfully in preparing to stop the two hundred thousand dollar leak we complain of.

Another Inquiry about Flax.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I saw an article in the *Farmer* a few weeks ago about rotting flax. It stated that it could be done in two or three days. Now if you will tell us how to do it we should be very glad to learn, as we have a considerable lot of flax that we raised last year.

A YOUNG FARMER.

Pownal, Feb. 1863.

NOTE. By the old method the rotting process had a tendency to set the gluten and albumen, and on being boiled in alkalies the fibres became harsh and brittle. By the new process, the albumen, gluten, and other substances that pervade the filaments and fibres on the original stalk, cementing them together, are dissolved and removed by a chemical solving process, and after this passed through a machine which fit the fibre for spinning on either cotton or woollen machinery. The two processes, both the chemical and mechanical ones are, we believe, protected by letters patent to the inventor.—EDS.

☞ Communications are on hand from K. P. Kidder, D., Geo. E. Brackett, R. P. T., A Farmer, and G. W. W. We have also the reports and papers presented at the late session of the Board of Agriculture, which shall be disposed of in their turn until all are published. Many of them are of much practical importance.

Inquiries about Flax.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As I contemplate sowing a piece of ground with flax next spring, and desiring some information respecting the cultivation of the same, I apply to you with all confidence—believing you will grant the favors I ask. Will you please answer the following inquiries:

1. What time should flax be sown?
2. How much seed should be sown to the acre?
3. Should the soil be in a high state of cultivation?
4. What should be the kind or qualities of the soil?
5. How much seed is usually obtained from an acre?
6. What of its value in market?
7. How many pounds of well dressed flax may be obtained from an acre, and what will be its value per pound in the market?

Now Messrs. Editors, by answering the above questions, and giving such other information concerning the subject in question as you may deem proper, you will oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

Lyndon, Aroostook Co., Jan. 16th, 1863.

NOTE. 1. Flax should be got in in good season, some recommending to sow it as soon as the frost is out of the ground, whether the season be forward or backward. A rule which can be followed with safety is to sow it when the forests present their first tinge of green.

2. The quantity of seed per acre will depend somewhat upon the condition of the soil. Some use two bushels, but if the soil is rich and fine a less amount can be sown. We believe if you desire to unite both the seed and fibre for the profits of the crop, that one bushel will be sufficient.

3. If the flax is raised wholly for the seed, the ground can hardly be too rich or too highly manured; but if grown for the fibre, a soil too highly cultivated is objected to, as the growth is thereby rank and coarse. If the two objects of the crop are to be united, as stated above, the soil should be in a moderate state of cultivation. Flax should not occupy the same ground oftener than once in five or six years; in England, it only enters the course of rotation once in seven years.

4. The best soil for flax is a light, fine loam, something on the clayey order, though not so much so as to make it liable to be excessively wet in moist weather, or of becoming "baked" during the heat and drouth of summer.

5. The ordinary yield is from 8 to 10 bushels of seed per acre (sometimes it yields as high as 15 bushels if the soil is very rich) in addition to the fibre.

6. Flax seed is quoted in the Portland market at $3, and in the New York market it is "scarce and wanted at $3.10 to $3.30" per bushel of 56 lbs. There is beginning to be considerable call for it here, for the purpose of sowing, but we can find none in our market. Probably our dealers will obtain some to supply this demand.

7. From 250 to 300 lbs. of lint can be procured from an acre. We are unable to say what the market value of it is at present. It has previously ranged from ten to fifteen cents per pound. —EDS.

Editorial Notes.

ANOTHER ROOT CUTTER. Mr. Joseph Harvey, of Carmel, writes us that he has the drawings and model of a root cutter, which will meet the wants of the community in a more perfect degree than any yet in use. It is strong, being made mostly of iron, and yet is so light that it weighs not more than fifty pounds. The operation is simple, and it will cut from five to six bushels of roots an hour. If the manufacture of them is started, Mr. Harvey thinks they can be made for $4 or $5. Parties wishing more information in regard to the machine itself, or their manufacture and sale, can address the inventor as above.

WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL HAS DONE. A year ago we published the statements of several little girls about their corn crops, raised in conformity to our own suggestions; and we herewith let one of the little *sunrise* girls of Maine, tell her own story of a crop raised this last season. Are there any others who can respond in a like manner?

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I noticed in the *Farmer* last fall, that several little girls followed your suggestion by planting a few hills of corn. Seeing that they succeeded so well I thought last spring I would try my luck. I planted fifty hills, and as a reward for my labor, I gathered four and one-half bushels of good sound yellow ears. If you think my effort is entitled to any consideration, please make mention of it in your valuable paper.

Very respectfully yours,
ABBIE M. BRADFORD, aged 12 years.
Calais, Feb. 3d, 1863.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS. We are favored with a copy of the Geological Survey of Michigan, and also a Report of the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, from T. C. Abbott, Esq., President of the Agricultural College. Our thanks are also due to Dr. Evan Pugh, President of the Pennsylvania Agricultural College, for copies of several English works on Agriculture, some statements from which we shall copy for the benefit of our readers.

☞ We assure our friend B. S. S., of Unity, that if we ever find ourselves in his vicinity, we should seek his assistance in piloting us among the sheep farmers of "bleeding Waldo," where we are sure the flocks, if not "numbered by hundreds," would yet be worthy a visit.

Portland Society of Natural History.

This Society has just published the first volume—part first—of its proceedings, forming a well printed pamphlet of over one hundred pages, and we are under great obligations to the Society for a copy of the same. Besides the usual official matter, such as the constitution, by-laws, lists of the officers and members, &c., it also comprises several useful papers which will command for the work an extensive circulation among the lovers of natural history in our own State, and also with the public at large. Among these are a Catalogue of the Flowering Plants of Maine, by Prof. G. L. Goodale; The Mammals and Birds of Maine, by Prof. Chas. H. Hitchcock; Notes on the Geology of Maine, by Prof. Hitchcock, illustrated by several wood cuts and a geological map of the Northern part of the State; Groved Boulders in Bethel, Me., by Dr. N. T. True; and a list of the Fossils of the Potsdam Group in North America, by Prof. Hitchcock. These are interspersed with extracts from the proceedings of the stated meetings of the Society, which also contain much interesting matter. The price of each number is 50 cents, and the work can be had by addressing Henry Willis, Esq., Portland, Me.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Industries of Maine.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In visiting various parts of Maine, it is pleasant to notice signs of business prosperity, compare the present with the past, and thus to study the capabilities of Maine for sustaining and employing an intelligent population While lecturing in Bowdoinham, I have inquired into its industries. I hear the complaint that business is dull and has fallen off from other days. This may be so in some things.

SHIP BUILDING AND NAVIGATION. Ship building has sometimes been more prosperous, as four or five ships have been built in a year, making an aggregate of some 3,000 tons. It is admitted that this business here and at Richmond, has sometimes been overdone, as at other points in Maine. The last ten years the business has faltered from its previous inflation. But there is now owned at this point, some 5,500 tons, and the vessels are in active service, commanding good freights and employing a goodly company of her sons on the ocean. Numerous sea captains have their homes here, as well as skilful shipbuilders, and this business must soon revive if our country is not wrecked.

EXPORTATIONS—FARMING. The shipping interest has some employment with home products. The farmers sell for shipment here, some 8,000 or 10,000 cords of wood, 600 or 700 cords of bark, from 900 to 1,200 tons of hay, besides barley, oats and uncounted thousands of bushels of potatoes. The farming interests have made substantial progress in the last twenty-five years, as the improved condition of farms and farm buildings abundantly testify. Several fine flocks of sheep attracted our notice as we passed the naked fields before the recent snows. This is in the right direction to win profits by farming in this and other towns of Maine. No other stock will yield equal rewards for the care and outlay of capital and labor. With the high price of cotton, we must clothe our families more with wool for our comfort and profit. By this process, we may build up our home manufactures and be less dependent on foreign skill and caprice.

FISHERIES. The fisheries of Bowdoinham yield about $10,000 per year. Shad, alewives, bass, smelts, and some salmon, are taken in the Kennebec and Cathance rivers, and find a ready market at New York or nearer points. It is amusing to find that the tiny fish known as smelts are caught and marketed to the tune of $2,000 a year and more. Mr. A. D. Brown, who gives us details of this business, has sometimes sold that value of smelts in a year. These are taken in the winter season with nets through the ice. The other fish are taken in spring with weirs, seines and drag nets. Shad are chiefly sold in barrels, and the alewives smoked, while the salmon are sold fresh at from 20 cts. to $1 per lb.

THE TIDE-MILL—A NOVELTY. A curiosity, and one of prime value for our whole coast, as also for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, as well as Lower Canada, is here seen in the tide-mill of a new construction, which has been used with remarkable success for about one year. As you cross the bridge from the south, over the Cathance river near the village, you notice the top of a huge water wheel revolving deliberately, as if patiently endeavoring to keep its head above water, while submitting to somewhat severe drudgery. This wheel is supposed to be the only one of its kind now in existence. The rim or circle of the wheel is twenty-five feet in diameter, with its shaft at the hub five feet, having an extension of smaller size running some forty feet down the river to a bearing, where it connects with the driving shaft at right angles that carries the several runs of stone, and other machinery. The Cathance is deep at this point, being thirty-two feet deep at low water. As the ordinary tide ebbs and flows five or six feet, the wheel, twenty-five feet in diameter, leaves several feet of water below it in the race way, twenty-five feet in width. The wheel is not perpendicular, but inclines at an angle which gives three inches to the foot inclination. The object of this is to bring the end of the shaft to the surface for convenience in attaching the driving shaft. This inclination of the wheel diminishes somewhat the power of the current, but with five or six inches elevation of water on either side, the power is ample for driving all the machinery desirable for such a mill. This is secured by obstructing the current on each side of the wheel, by driving spiles close together, thus giving more force to the current where it rushes through the wheel. Motion is given to the wheel by this rushing through the wheel in this wise: the fans or buckets of iron, are seven feet wide at the rim of the wheel and two feet at the hub. They are set at an angle of forty-five degrees with the shaft, and the course of the current, and near enough to each other so that the water has an aperture of nine inches at the hub and twenty-four inches at the rim. The current made by the tide rushing through this creates a power sufficient to drive three runs of stone, with bolts and cleanser, capable of grinding 100 to 150 bushels each per day, and another run of stone for plaster, capable of grinding nine tons at a tide. The wheel is reversed at every tide, revolving one way with the flood and the other with the ebb, the driving shaft being shifted accordingly. This arrangement is one of great value for tide waters, as there is no necessity for gates or a tight dam, no trouble with the strain or pressure or flood upon common mill privileges. The architect of this wheel is Mr. James M. Kendall, son of William Kendall, Esq., of Kendall's Mills, inventor of the Spiral Vent, and other improved water wheels. Robert Butterfield and N. H. Macomber, Esqs., are associated with him in erecting and running this mill.

OUR NATIONAL CONFLICT. This article is too long to allow a suitable statement of Bowdoinham's investment in our National conflict. One hundred and forty-four of her sons have volunteered, and several have fallen in defense of the country. The names of Capts. Robert H. Purington and Geo. L. Whitmore, Adjt. James H. Whitmore, and Lieut. A. C. Brooks, with those of the Hatch brothers, Gilpatricks, Rumnell, Buker, Small, Varney, Stevens and Rose, who have fallen in camp or battle, will live in the memories of this town. Elder Hanscom, pastor of the Baptist church, has three sons in the army. May they live to see its work finished and our country saved. One lady from this town has been devoted to the care of the sick and wounded. Miss Esther Graves left her store and millinery to be a minister of mercy to the suffering at the hospitals at Alexandria and New York. When returning recently for a brief visit, she was greeted with warm welcome, but hastened away to the camps at New Orleans.

THE SCHOOLS. A visit to the village schools under the care of Mr. Temple and Miss Barrett, disclosed a great improvement from the condition of the schools some twenty years ago, when lecturing here on Education. If the like improvement has occurred throughout the town, it is a blessed boon. We had no opportunity to visit the other other village schools. But why should not the village be all in one district? Then there could be three grades of schools and a better classification and division of labor, a most important arrangement for the highest and best results.

Yours truly, CYRIL PEARL.
Bowdoinham, Jan. 21, 1863.

For the Maine Farmer

Milk for a Pound of Butter.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have read the discussions before the Board of Agriculture with much interest, especially the remarks upon dairying in Maine; but I do not find the opinions of any of the members in regard to the quantity of milk which it takes to make a pound of butter. I suppose there are different opinions about this, and I would be glad to hear the views of dairymen upon this point, through the *Farmer*.

February, 12th, 1862. BUTTER BOY.

For the Maine Farmer.

Honey-Bee Culture.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Allow me to make a few suggestive hints to your numerous readers, pertaining to the culture of the honey-bee. It has long since been considered a branch of agriculture, although it has been seriously neglected. Having been exclusively engaged for several years past in their study and culture, I have become fully convinced that there is no kind of business, with the same amount of capital invested, that will pay half as well. The success of the business depends upon *three* great points: the *man*, the *hive*, and the *season*.

If the bee-keeper is skilled in the management of his bees, and has a hive that is rightly constructed, and the season is a favorable one, it is not an uncommon thing for him to realize ten, and in many instances, fifteen and twenty dollars profit from each prosperous hive yearly, thus paying three and four hundred per cent. on the investment. According to ancient history, *honey* at one time was the only sweet known. In Aristotle's and Pliny's day, who flourished over two thousand years ago, we learn that bees were then cultivated to some extent, although like many other things, perfected and improved very much since. Within the past ten or fifteen years, there has been more progress made in their culture and management, than for centuries previous.

There seems to have never been a time since our earliest history, when bee-culture should demand our attention more than at the present, when *war* and heavy taxation, the great scarcity and high price of sugar is staring us in the face; I say why should we not encourage the culture of the bee upon a more extended scale, and raise honey by the quantity, as some few now do, thus enabling us to meet the *heavy taxes*, and affording us a handsome income besides. With right care and management and a favorable season, it will require but a few swarms of bees to raise a ton of honey. If a colony of bees come out strong in the spring, (as they will if properly wintered,) it is an easy matter to realize fifty and seventy-five pounds, and sometimes much more; besides a young swarm or two, which will be thrown off, if properly attended to.

Good honey readily commands a high price in market, and probably will for years to come. Under the present condition of our country, and the high price of sugar, it certainly behooves us to live as much as possible within ourselves, independent of the *South*. There is honey enough wasted every year to supply us with all the sweet we need. If we had the bees to collect it, there could be more honey *produced* north of Mason's and Dixon's Line than there ever was sugar south of it, and not cost the producer one-half what sugar now costs the southern planter. There is no place in the world so well adapted to the large yield of honey as the northern portion of the United States, with its fertile hills, valleys and broad-spread prairies of the West. Certainly, for amount and quality of honey, we stand at the head of any other country in the world, if we would but improve it.

There is no danger of over-stocking our market with honey, as the consumers increase faster than the producers.

There is no danger of over-stocking our country with bees, as some persons have imagined, especially the fertile portions of it, as all honey-producing plants yield their sweets days together and sometimes weeks, depending much upon the state of the weather and the species of flower.

Those about to engage in the culture of this delightful little insect, should first get posted by consulting some scientific bee-keeper, or be guided by some good book upon the subject, to insure success in the business. K. P. KIDDER,
Practical Apiculturist, Burlington, Vt.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Choice Apple.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—One of the finest apples for early winter use, is the Hubbardston Nonsuch. As a dessert apple, it is not excelled, if it is equalled by any apple grown in this State. The superior quality of the fruit, as well as the habits and characteristics of the tree, will bear me out in giving it a high recommendation. It is an apple of rare beauty; and when fully matured in autumn—the branches loaded from stem to tip, and swaying in the bright sunlight—it makes as attractive a show as any other fruit. All lovers of the beautiful in nature, could not pass a tree without being attracted by the beauty of its pendant branches drooping under their choice burden. The tree is hardy, a vigorous grower, and great bearer. A fine engraving of the fruit may be found in Cole's American Fruit Book. The following description is from Downing:

"A fine, large, early winter fruit, which originated in Hubbardston, Mass., and is of first rate quality. It is worthy of extensive orchard culture. Fruit large, roundish, oblong, much narrower near the eye. Skin smooth, striped with lashes and irregular, broken stripes of pale and bright red, which nearly cover a yellow ground. The calyx open, and the stalk short, in a russetted hollow. Flesh yellow, juicy and tender, with an agreeable mingling of sweetness and acidity in its flavor. December and January."

Z. A. G.

For the Maine Farmer.

Who has the best Herd of Cattle in Maine?

An introduction to the farm stock of Benjamin Heald of Sumner, to-day, suggested this query. Here are seventy-five head of horned cattle, mostly Devons, from oxen, bulls, cows, and steers, down to calves; all so uniform in color, plump, sleek and contented looking, that it does one good to gaze on such a "happy family" in these "troublesome times." Their *home* is on the first floor of a barn 136 feet long, with a cellar the whole length. The young stock run loose in a pen, the rest are tied in rows facing each other, with a space of about five feet between for the hay, which is thrown down through a scuttle extending the whole length of the barn—from the second floor—this is entirely filled with hay and grain. When turned out they have a spacious warm yard with good sheds for shelter, and plenty of running water.

As many readers of the *Farmer* may like to know who has the best herd of cattle, will correspondents please report the best within their knowledge? S. N. T.

For the Maine Farmer.

Officers of the Bangor Horticultural Society for 1863.

S. H. Dale, *President;* Wm. H. Parsons, *Vice President;* J. C. Weston, *Recording Secretary;* B. A. Burr, *Corresponding Secretary;* John E. Godfrey, *Treasurer.*

Executive Committee—S. H. Dale and J. C. Weston, ex-officio, and B. A. Burr, O. H. Ingalls, Albert Noyes.

Committee on Fruit—J. E. Godfrey, J. C. Stevens, J. W. Carr, Albert Emerson, Elijah Low.

Committee on Flowers—Isaiah Stetson, Albert Holton, O. H. Ingalls, Mrs. Amasa Barrett, Miss Eliza Eaton.

Committee on Vegetables—S. S. Low, Wm. W. Johnson, Jefferson Stubbs.

Committee on Miscellaneous Articles—Wm. C. Crosby, Mrs. Hollis Bowman, Mrs. Franklin Muzzy.

Committee on Ornamental Gardening—J. K. Jewett, George Stetson, S. C. Harlow.

Committee on Library—Albert W. Paine, S. H. Dale.

TEA-CAKE MUFFINS. One quart of milk, five eggs, one tablespoonful of good yeast; if home made, three or four tablespoonfuls. A lump of butter the size of a walnut, and enough flour to form a stiff batter. Set them to rise, and when light bake them in rings.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Items of European Agriculture.

We have before us several letters of an old friend travelling in Europe, written to his brother, from which we extract a few interesting agricultural items:

WORKING MILCH COWS. Speaking of the country around the Lake Neufchatel, Switzerland, he says: "The soil is not naturally good, but is cultivated most carefully and fully, and the farm work appears to be done mostly by milch cows, which are harnessed like horses; and the women do all kinds of works, such as driving the teams, holding plows, digging potatoes, mowing and raking hay, carrying manure in boxes slung upon two poles, and carried by a woman at each end. They also draw hand-carts, and carry heavy loads upon their backs, dig with spades, &c. With all, the working of cows is a feature in Swiss farming, which may be worthy of the attention of American farmers."

SWISS COTTAGES. The farm buildings most commonly embrace under one roof the dwelling, the cow house, stable, hen-house, cellar, barn, granary, hay-house, wood-house, &c., the odor of which pervades the dwelling throughout.

FARMING IN AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA. We find the land generally level, and soil inferior, and in some places very poor, and it is only by the most careful industry that it is made productive of crops, yet the people manage to get two crops a year. The land is often divided in strips 20 to 100 feet wide and 100 to 1000 feet long. Here, too, the women do about all the farm work, under the supervision of men, who do some of the heaviest jobs. In the city, women unload vessels and sweep streets. The droppings of horses are picked up and carefully saved for the land. The women are laborers—the men soldiers.

All the houses are warmed by earthen stoves, which seem to require but a small quantity of fuel, which is scarce. Peat is largely used. Timber is scarce, and tree-planting is being largely practiced, for timber and fuel, principally a pine, which grows tall and slim. I think it would be a useful tree to introduce among American farmers, particularly upon such land as much on Long Island.

NO FENCES. There are no fences in the fields, in any of the countries we have passed through since leaving Switzerland. A little ditch marks the boundaries between cultivators. The people live mostly in villages, and some walk over two miles to the little spot they till. There is a little time after the crops are taken off, when animals are taken out upon the fields, where they are tied or watched by women and children.

FOOD OF FARM LABORERS. The food of the working people is almost exclusively vegetable; the staple being bread, which is generally of a blackish color. They seldom have meat, because there is no surplus land for stock to range over.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Importance of Domestic Economy.

Domestic economy should be a study in these times. Look over the price of articles used in a family, and it will be seen that most of them are enormously high, nor are they likely to be lower for some time to come. There has been no suffering yet, for money has been abundant, but this cannot continue forever, and while the cost of living will probably increase the next twelve months and much longer, the means of living will decrease. It is quite plain, therefore, that if profits of trade fall off and business diminishes, there will eventually be suffering and privation, unless we resort to the strictest economy and frugality. This change of habits will be unavoidable; we shall delay as long as possible, but necessity will compel retrenchment, and the sooner we look forward to that point the wiser it will be in us.

We have no doubt that such a change will in the end prove beneficial. The wastefulness, extravagance and excess of the American people, in eating, drinking and dressing, has not had a parallel in the history of the world; and all this has been against health, happiness and morals.—When, as a nation, we tread in the footsteps of the old nations, we shall have to follow them as families and individuals. If we go, therefore, among the rural and laboring classes of Switzerland, France, Germany, Sweden and Russia, we may take lessons in our future modes of life. In health and vigor they are among the first people of the earth, yet their expenditures are nothing in comparison to ours. Indeed, the waste of a common American town of ten thousand people would almost or quite support as large a population in the rural districts of Europe. Never shall we come to their level, for our country is new and differently situated, but the next generations of Americans cannot hope to live as we have, and there we could take lessons in economy that would be very useful to us. We could discover—as we shall be forced to by some means—that a family can be subsisted upon a very small portion of what Americans are accustomed to expend; nay, that they can be fed on what is now, in many instances, thrown out their back doors to the dogs. Those of us who take these lessons and practice upon them first, will be the best off in the end.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

About Snow.

Snow, in latitudes where the temperature is sufficiently low for it to fall, is of vital importance to vegetable life.

Its peculiarly porous structure renders it an exceedingly bad conductor of heat, and hence, when covering anything, either warm or cold, it requires a long time to restore the temperature to the general surrounding equilibrium.

If the ground becomes covered with snow before it is frozen, it will remain unfrozen all winter, though the temperature of the air may become exceedingly cold.

In our climate, where the ground is exposed in the coldest of the winter, without a covering of snow, the grass is liable to winter-kill.

Where the grass does not winter-kill, excessive freezing in the absence of snow, injures the next summer crop, as the grass starts heavily and slow after excessive freezing.

Alpine plants that outlive the severest winters of mountain districts because protected by snow, have perished in the comparatively warm climate of England for want of such protection.

Snow is an absorbent and absorbs the smoke and odor of the winter atmosphere, and as it slowly melts, transfers them as manure to the soil through which the snow water percolates.

The interior of Maine will always afford more abundant crops of hay and pasturage than the regions along the sea coast, in consequence of the greater protection afforded by snow.—*Farmington Chronicle.*

Iron and Glass in Architecture.

There can be but little doubt that both iron and glass are destined to play very important parts in our architecture of the future; but, when iron is made to play such a part, it will not be in the form of mere sheet metal riveted on to a skeleton framework, but in noble plates of iron, artistically wrought; and then the glass also will not be merely window glass, except in positions where required for window-like purposes, and in masses, the effect of which we can as yet hardly conceive. The rarest marble, merely used as a strong and durable building material, would not, when employed in such a manner, possess much advantage, in appearance, over the coarsest stone; but when artistically used, and its highest qualities brought prominently out by the brain and hand of genius, its superiority becomes at once manifest. Iron and glass also have latent excellences for building purposes, as yet undeveloped, which must be artistically revealed and turned to high account before their value can be fully appreciated.—*Builder.*

Maine Board of Agriculture.

How shall Premiums be Awarded?

IN BOARD OF AGRICULTURE,
Jan. 29, 1863.

CALVIN CHAMBERLAIN, of the Maine State Society, from the committee to whom was assigned Topic No. 2, "What action shall be taken under the provisions of Law authorizing the Board of Agriculture to prescribe for what objects or purposes a portion of the State bounty shall be offered in premiums" presented the following

REPORT.

This question is predicated on Sec. 14 of the Act approved March 19, 1862, in the following words: "Every society which receives bounty from the State, shall award in each year, by way of premiums or gratuities, or shall expend for the purchase of seeds, implements, or breeding animals, a sum not less than the bounty so received, for the encouragement and improvement of agriculture, horticulture or the mechanic arts, and it shall be competent for the Board of Agriculture to direct for what objects and purposes premiums shall be offered to an extent not exceeding one-half the bounty of the State."

To determine whether any action is now called for in the premises, let us look a little into the operations of our agricultural societies to see if any suggestions or directions from the Board would be well timed under the act that thus links the duties of the Board to the active operations of these societies.

In 1859 the twenty-four county societies received from the State $4,590,56, and paid in premiums $6,783,87. Of this sum $3403, or one-half of the whole, was awarded on live stock. The total amount awarded for grain and root crops was $549,45, or less than one-sixth the sum distributed for the encouragement of improvement in our domestic animals.

In 1861 the total amount of premiums offered by the twenty-seven societies was $10,032. Of this amount, $1,114, or a fraction over one-tenth was for grain and root crops.

In 1862 the amount of premiums offered on grain and root crops fell to $814, of which only $316 was awarded. About one-fifteenth of the money paid by the State to these societies, goes to encourage the production of those crops which make up a large portion of our own sustenance and that of our domestic animals. The general feature of the prize lists, giving prominent encouragement to improvements in our domestic animals, has not changed in the history of the societies; except latterly, much money has been paid for the exhibition of fast horses. We have shown above, that in one year, one-half of all the awards was for live stock—the other half being distributed for the encouragement of general farm improvement, experiments in draining, subsoil plowing, plowing at exhibitions, for reclaiming waste and wet lands, for manures and experiments with them, for orchards and nurseries, and for other special improvements on the farm, for fruit, dairy and other products, for agricultural implements and the encouragement of the mechanic arts, and the fisheries.

The time *was* when improvement in the animals on the farm was the great desideratum. A realization of the comparative low condition of Maine in this regard, the magnitude of the undertaking to secure a sure and speedy improvement, and through this means to raise the general character of our husbandry, led to associated efforts, and finally to the construction of our agricultural societies. What was a leading object at the outset would naturally remain such till Anglo Saxon perseverence compassed the end.

Of the paltry sum of $316 paid in the whole State in 1862 for the encouragement of grain and root culture, how large a portion was probably bestowed for precisely-conducted and carefully conducted experiments aiming at discoveries in general laws, and the establishment of facts for our future guidance?

The peculiar and unfortunate condition of affairs in our country, prompts us to put forth new efforts; and wherever mental or physical force has hitherto laid dormant, every patriotic impulse dictates that it shall now be made available for the common weal.

In whatever channel our agricultural societies may have directed their efforts, with good results, it is foreign to our intention to divert those efforts to the detriment of any special interest. It might seem an unfavorable time to urge any material change from the "mixed husbandry" hitherto prevailing, to that course of practice indicated by the Secretary in his recent Reports, whenever new products are proposed and a wider range in practice naturally suggested.

The State policy in the aid extended to agricultural societies, is a compensating policy. The property of the State—the cash in its treasury—is exchanged through the agency of these societies, for products coming through *human brains*, in the shape of valuable knowledge, to be applied to the production of material wealth, and ultimately the restoration of the cash to the treasury with large increase. Whether the return be immediate or through a longer cycle, is not material. We do not question the soundness of the State policy in this regard. Men do possess brains enough, and may grasp knowledge enough to make farming and mechanical pursuits both intellectual and interesting. The expansion of the soul, the interior growth, is not necessarily cramped and fettered by being wedded to the soil. We may be educated to a love of nature, so as to appreciate her daily surroundings, and to delight in searching to know her laws. Every crop raised on our farms may be made an exceedingly interesting experiment.

Intellect is dulled by excessive physical labor, and now when men are scarce, farm arrangements should be perfected so as to economize strength. Mind should quicken—thus extending the long arm of the lever at which we stand to do our work.

Applying these thoughts to the matter in hand, we are forced to the conclusion that at present an undue proportion of the money bestowed in premiums, is awarded on live stock. The statements accompanying the presentation of stock at our exhibitions, is, in the aggregate, of little value. The intrinsic worth of the animal itself is a sufficient incentive to the careful farmer to select from the best breeds within his reach; and the proof is entirely wanting, that the continuous payment of premiums has not latterly effected any thing for the introduction of new and better breeds, anything for instituting comparisons between different breeds, by sufficient data, to settle questions of preference for specific purposes, or even to determine the general question of profit or loss.

In another direction there are unexplored fields that we approach with much curiosity, where the border of the veil of obscuration is but just raised by science, where we are invited to step in and pursue our investigations and gratify curiosity by experiment alone—the fields of vegetable life—the crops of the farm. Here, even, where we all are so anxious to know more, where we all confess ourselves but children, we are gaining, year by year, but little knowledge.

The prize lists of the societies name a mere pittance for premiums, for the reason that so few of them are applied for. They are not competed for because they are so small. They hold out no inducement in compensation for the time required in conducting anything like a careful experiment.

An acre of wheat is grown on one of Maine's verdant hill tops. Its yield is thirty-fold. Mother nature was propitious. The early and latter rain descended gently. Insect life in its neighborhood did not appropriate it. The straw grew tall and strong and bright. Besides the elements of its structure supplied from the atmosphere, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, it *chanced* to find in the soil, and which it appropriated, about 198 lbs. of soluble silica, 13 lbs. phosphoric acid, 19 lbs. potash, 8 lbs. lime, and a less quantity of sulphuric acid and magnesia.

The grain was full and fine, for besides its atmospheric elements, it chanced to find within the range of the roots, silica, phosphoric acid, sulphuric acid, lime, magnesia, peroxide of iron, potash and soda.

We find in our book of record, that this crop was a premium crop; and we are informed that the ground was plowed and harrowed previous to being sown. How much more than this simple announcement, do the great bulk of the returned "statements" required by law, contain?

A crop of potatoes is a very exhausting one, when the tops and tubers are entirely removed from the soil. A large crop takes more than 400 lbs. of incombustible matter from an acre, more than half of which is potash. Turnips, mangolds and carrots abstract from 400 to 650 lbs. of inorganic matter, about one-half of which is potash and soda. But what is worthy of consideration, is the fact, that these crops may be extended very much beyond our present practice, and all be consumed at home with great advantage, thus returning to the soil the precious mineral elements to pay from it and with them a great deal more of fertilising substances obtained by these crops from other sources.

The most successful husbandry in the world, as proved in grain produced and an increased fertility of soil, deals in vast quantities of roots, and this mainly with a view to increase the stock of manure on the farm.

The opinion of your Committee remains the same as when expressed on former occasions—that if stock husbandry is to receive special attention—if the number and value of our domestic animals shall be increased, if we are to produce more meat, milk, wool and bread, it must come mainly through the increased production of roots in a well considered rotation. This matter is vastly suggestive of thought, but we abstain from extended remarks, feeling our incompetency even to attempt the giving directions or even advice to such a people as our constituents, where matters of such magnitude are pending. We will simply name the objects for which it seems to us desirable that increased encouragement should be given at the present time: 1st, Cheese-making. 2d, Orchards and nurseries. 3d, Wheat and corn culture. 4th, Root crops. And we respectfully submit the following preambles and resolutions:

Whereas, It is the opinion of the Board that Dairy Husbandry has not received that attention in this State that it claims in consideration of our inherent advantages and capabilities for the manufacture of cheese and butter, and

Whereas, From the information communicated in the last Report of our Secretary in respect to the most approved modes of practice in the principal dairy regions of the country, it is believed that cheese of uniformly good quality may be manufactured in Maine, therefore

Resolved, That we recommend to the several Agricultural Society to devote such portion of the bounty of the State, as their several circumstances may seem to require, to premiums for the best conducted and fully reported experiments in making cheese and butter, and that a sample of each premium article be passed to the Secretary of the Society, making the award, to be forwarded to the Secretary of this Board.

Whereas, It is the opinion of the Board, that the climatic and other influences in the last few years, causing a decline in the number and condition of our fruit trees, may not again operate for a long series of years, and should not discourage us nor weaken our efforts to become large exporters of fruit; and

Whereas, It is desirable that the trees required for the extension of our orchards should be produced at home; therefore

Resolved, That we recommend to the Societies to offer premiums, to be awarded at the end of two, three or more years, for best and most fully re orted experiments in renovating and improving orchards now existing, and for the setting and culture of new ones, and also for the rearing of nurseries embracing such varieties of apples, pears, plums and small fruits as are approved for the several localities.

Whereas, The most of our lands that have long been cleared of wood, fail to produce a remunerating crop of wheat or corn, except they be carefully worked and liberally fed, and

Whereas, Maximum crops cannot be expected till we have learned much more than we now know concerning the demands our crops make on us in the preparation of their seed-beds, and more in respect to the best ways and means to supply those demands, and

Whereas, More light and knowledge in this interesting field of inquiry can only be expected through further experiments, therefore

Resolved, That we recommend the offering of liberal premiums for the best conducted experiments in the culture of wheat and of corn.

Whereas, It is the opinion of the Board, that the root crops have not received that attention, in the "mixed husbandry" prevalent in the State, that their value and importance demand, and

Whereas, It has been demonstrated that the art of agriculture in its highest condition deals very largely in these crops; and

Whereas, It is desirable that when change shall be effected in our practice, it shall be such that an increase in the fertility of our soils shall legitimately follow; therefore

Resolved, That we recommend to the Societies to offer increased premiums for best conducted experiments in the culture of potatoes, carrots, mangolds, parsnips and turnips.

Resolved, That the

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, Feb. 19, 1863.

Terms of the Maine Farmer.

$2.25 per annum, or $2.00 if paid within three months of the date of Subscription.

☞ *These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.* ☜

All payments made by subscribers to the *Farmer* will be credited in accordance with our new mailing method. The printed date upon the paper, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

Notice.

Mr. H. P. Weeks will call upon subscribers in Waldo County.

Mr. S. N. Taber will visit subscribers in Oxford County.

Mr. Jas. Sturgis will visit subscribers in Kennebec County.

Mr. Warren Fuller of Hartland, will call upon subscribers in Somerset County.

A Chapter on Iron.

It would seem that when a State contains an abundance of the raw material of an article so extensively used as iron, and so very essential to the every day wants of the community, that it would be a duty to have it put into the market in some one of the many shapes in which it is needed. Now, Maine has a plenty of this raw material, but supplies none of it to its own or any other markets. Very likely some of you will say that this matter depends wholly on the commercial profit which would accrue by preparing and placing it in the market. No doubt of this; but if the capitalists of any community prefer to put their funds into stocks, either of a fancy or other nature, and run the risks of their rise or fall, rather than invest in a business which, while it promises a fair profit, will, at the same time, establish an enterprise which will benefit the public and thereby enhance more or less all other property in that community, all we can say is, that they are not of so much benefit to that community as they might be or ought to be.

We have several times urged the attention of our capitalists to the manufacture of iron from ores in our State. The reply given us is, that it can be imported cheaper than we can make it. If that statement was a true one, it cannot be so now, under the new schedule of duties.

We have had the curiosity to look into the report of the Census Bureau, just published, to see how much pig iron was returned as being manufactured in Maine. The tables reveal the fact that there is not an ounce made in the State, while all the rest of the New England States, except Rhode Island, are very respectably represented on the list. Thus, New Hampshire has mined 1000 tons of ore during the year ending June 1st, 1860; Vermont 4500 tons; Massachusetts 25,000 tons, and Connecticut 20,700 tons. The above amounts of ore yielded 27,925 tons of pig iron, worth $874,910—nearly a million of dollars.

It would be gratifying, if we could say, as we hope it may be said hereafter, that Maine has added another million to that—a thing which she could do, if her iron mines were worked. Although we do not manufacture any pig iron or any other iron from our own ore, we, nevertheless, work up a good deal of iron made by other folks and brought into our territory in the shape of pig iron and other shapes. Thus, according to the statistics, there was made in Maine, during the above year, bar and rolled iron to the amount of 5300 tons, of the value of $332,000. Of steam engines and other machinery, to the value of $681,295, and there was iron founding (by which we mean the use of pig iron) in the several furnaces of the State, brought from abroad, $429,896. We do not mean by this that the pig iron brought into the State was worth this, but the business, or articles cast from it, was worth that sum. Shouldn't we be richer if the money which that pig iron cost had been paid to smelters within our borders? That is what we want done. We want that our own iron ores shall supply not only our own iron workers, but those also who haven't any to rely upon at home.

While considering this subject and urging the attention of Maine capitalists and Maine mechanics to it, we cannot refrain from quoting the following remarks of Mr. Kennedy, the compiler of the preliminary report of the eighth census, on this topic:

The quantity of pig iron in the United States, says he, returned by the census of 1860, was 884,474 tons, valued at $19,487,890, an increase of 44 and 4-tenths per cent. upon the value returned in 1850. Bar and other rolled iron amounted to 406,298 tons, worth $22,248,796, an increase of 39¼ per cent. over the united products of the rolling mills and forges in 1850.

This large production of over one and a quarter million of tons of iron, equivalent to 92 lbs. for each inhabitant, speaks volumes for the progress of the nation in all its industrial and material interests. The manufacturer, he goes on to say, holds relations of the most beneficial character to a wide circle of important interests, intimately affecting the entire population, the proprietors and miners of ore, coal and limestone land; the owners and improvers of woodlands, of railroads, canals, steamboats, ships, and of every other form of transportation; the producers of food, clothing and other supplies, in addition to thousands of workmen, merchants and capitalists and their families, who have directly participated in the benefits resulting from this great industry. It has supplied the material for an immense number of foundries, and for thousands of blacksmiths, machinists, mill-wrights, nail-makers, hardware, cutlery, edged tools and other workers in metals, whose products are of immense aggregate value and of the first necessity.

To these remarks of Mr. Kennedy, we say amen! and hope and trust that whoever lives to see the census returns of 1870 will find Maine with a large figure in her column of iron ore smelted in the State.

☞ A resolve has been introduced in the Senate authorizing Gov. Coburn to appoint agents to reside at Washington, whose business it shall be to look after our soldiers in and about that city, and at such other points as he may from time to time direct, and who shall in an especial manner attend to such duties relative to the welfare of the soldiers, particularly the sick, wounded and the disabled. It also authorizes him to appoint one or more agents to superintend the transportation and delivery of hospital and other stores for the use of our soldiers at Washington and elsewhere as occasion may require.

☞ Gov. Washburn has declined the appointment of Commissioner to Washington to secure the establishment of a military railroad from Bangor to the northeastern portion of the State. The appointment was tendered to Hon. Jas. G. Blaine of this city, and declined by him on the ground that our delegation in Congress, upon whom the matter properly devolved, were amply qualified to look after the interests of the State, and that such special appointment was unnecessary and impolitic.

State Loan. Proposals will be received by the State Treasurer until the 20th inst. for a loan of $525,000, reimbursable in twenty years, for which bonds of the State will be issued in sums of five hundred dollars and one thousand dollars, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. yearly, and payable semi-annually. The proposal must contain no other fractional rates than one-eighth, one-fourth, one-half or three-quarters of one per centum.

The War News of the Week.

No event of striking importance has occurred during the past week in connection with the movements of our forces in the field. The army of the Rappahannock still remains in its old position opposite Fredericksburg. It is stated that the Ninth Army Corps under Gen. A. J. Smith has been detached from Gen. Hooker's command and embarked at Acquia Creek for a Southern destination. It is probably intended to co-operate with some of the movements now on foot for the capture of the rebel cities on the Atlantic seaboard.

The expeditionary forces of Gen. Foster, which are popularly believed to be directed against Charleston, have arrived at Port Royal and disembarked at that place. A combined attack by land and sea will not be delayed many days.

At Vicksburg the plans of Gen. Grant for the capture of that rebel stronghold are rapidly approaching completion. Although work has been vigorously prosecuted upon the canal, it has not yet been made available for the passage of the gunboats. The daring and successful passage of the batteries by the ram Queen of the West, however, has demonstrated the practicability of turning the position of the rebels from below and co-operating with Banks and Farragut in the attack upon Port Hudson. Besides this it is stated that a movement has been commenced by Gen. Grant, by which he will be able to capture the enemy's transport fleet in the Yazoo river, and cut off the Vicksburg army from communicating with the interior. The success or failure of the movement will be soon ascertained.

We have the particulars of the successful attack by several of our gunboats on the Cumberland river upon the rebel forces under Gens. Forrest and Wheeler. The latter had surrounded the land force of Col. Harding near Fort Donelson, and just as he was on the point of surrendering, the gunboats arrived and opening fire dispersed the rebels with great slaughter. The affair was one of the most brilliant and decisive of the war.

We publish elsewhere some details of the late contest between the iron-clad Montauk and a rebel battery near Savannah. The result proves satisfactorily the invulnerability of our iron-clad ships. The Montauk received the heavy shots of the enemy at short range without damage. Forty-six steel pointed shot struck her turret and glanced off as harmlessly as hailstones.

Information has been received of the arrival of the pirate Alabama at Kingston, Jamaica, on the 20th ult., where she landed the crew and officers of the United States steamer Hatteras, numbering over one hundred. It was reported that the Alabama had suffered severely in her fight with the Hatteras; that she had five shot in her hull, one of which—through her stern post—was a very bad one. She put into Kingston to repair damages, and expected to be ready for sea in four days. Immediately upon this news being received in Havana, the U. S. steamers Wachusett and Oneida sailed direct for Kingston, and the Santiago de Cuba and R. R. Cuyler, then on the south side of Cuba, were ordered at once to the same port, and the Tioga and Sonoma were also steering in the same direction. It is quite likely, then, that the Alabama is now hemmed in by a squadron of not less than six ships.

By late arrivals we learn that the Oreto is still doing her piratical work in the vicinity of the Bahama Islands. Officers of the U. S. gunboat Sonora report that when off the Bahamas the 1st, she saw a steamer to windward, lying to, apparently watching for her to come up. She proved to be the pirate Oreto. The Sonora chased her 36 hours, but the superior speed of the pirate enabled her to escape.

Diptheria in China. In our record of deaths will be found the names of five children of Mr. Jason Dodge of China, from that fatal scourge, diptheria. The family consisted of nine children, six of whom were attacked by the disease, one only of the number recovering—the five dying within the space of ten days. So terrible a bereavement entitles the mourning family to the sympathy of the community.

☞ The notice of the marriage of Mr. Wyatt Stuart and Miss Mary F. Stanley of Bolster's Mills, published by us last week, was a hoax. The pitiful scamp who perpetrated so senseless and malicious a piece of mischief deserves to dangle at the end of a different sort of halter from that which the parties mentioned are represented to have been blessed with. If he don't mend his manners he will come to it one of these days.

☞ The 9th Corps, of the Army of the Potomac, Gen. Smith in command, has embarked at Aquia Creek for the South. Its destination is said to be Suffolk, Va. There are no Maine troops in this corps.

Propositions Renewed of Foreign Mediation.

It is asserted by correspondents of the French and English press that formal propositions have been made by the French Government to the Cabinets at Washington and Richmond, for the appointment of commissioners by the Federal Government and by the Southern States to meet on neutral ground and confer together, without hostilities being suspended, so that they might advise mutual concessions and effect a reconciliation, so desirable for the interests of the world.

No doubt such a suggestion has been officially made to our government and declined. The correspondence upon the subject between the diplomatic representatives of the two governments has been published. In a letter from the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Drouyn de L'Huys, to M. Mercier, the French Embassador at Washington, the plan substantially as above stated, for the reconciliation of our present national difficulties, is marked out, and the Embassador is directed to communicate the same to our government. The reply of Mr. Seward is lengthy and very able. After contrasting the present condition and prospects of the rebellion, with its condition and prospects a year since, and asserting the confidence of the government, notwithstanding the protracted character and vicissitudes of the conflict, in an early and complete triumph of the national cause, he meets and disposes of the suggestions of the French Minister as follows:

"What M. Drouyn de L'Huys suggests is that the Government shall appoint Commissioners to meet on neutral grounds with Commissioners of the insurgents. He supposes that in the conferences thus held reciprocal complaints could be discussed, and in place of the accusations which the North and the South now mutually cast upon each other, the conference would be engaged with discussions of the interests which divide them.

He assumes further that the Commissioners would seek by means of well ordered or profound deliberations whether these interests are definitively irreconcilable, whether separation is an extreme that can no longer be avoided or whether the memories of a common existence, the ties of every kind which have made of the North and of the South one whole Federative State, and have borne them on to so high a degree of prosperity, are not more powerful than the causes which have placed arms in the hands of the two populations. The suggestion is not an extraordinary one and it well may have been thought by the Emperor of the French, in the earnestness of his benevolent desire for the restoration of peace, a feasible one. But when M. Drouyn de L'Huys shall come to review it in the light in which it must necessarily be examined in this country, I think he can be hardly fail to perceive that it amounts to nothing less than a proposition that, while this government is engaged in suppressing an armed insurrection, with the purpose of maintaining the constitutional national authority, and preserving the integrity of the country, it shall enter into diplomatic discussion with the insurgents upon the questions whether the country shall not be given over to disunion, to be quickly followed by ever increasing anarchy. If it were possible for the government of the United States to compromise the national authority so far as to enter into such debates, it is not easy to perceive what good results could be obtained by them.

The Commissioners must agree on recommending either that the Union shall stand or that it shall be voluntarily dissolved, or else they must leave the vital question unsettled to abide at last the fortunes of the war.

The Government has not shut out knowledge of the present temper any more than of the past purposes of the insurgents. There is not the least ground to suppose that the controlling actors would be persuaded at this moment, by any argument which a national commissioner could offer, to forego the ambition that has impelled them to the disloyal position they are occupying.

Any commissioner who should be appointed by those actors, or through their dictation and influence, must enter the conference imbued with the spirit and pledged to the personal fortunes of the insurgent chief. The loyal people in the insurrectionary States would be unheard, and any offer of peace by this government on the condition of the maintenance of the Union, must necessarily be rejected. On the other hand, as I have already intimated, this government has not the least thought of relinquishing the test which has been confided to it by the nation under the most solemn of all political sanctions, and if it had any such thought it would have still abundant reason to know the peace proposed at the cost of dissolution would be indignantly rejected by the American people.

Report of the Superintendent of Common Schools. Hon. E. P. Weston has laid us under obligations for a copy of his last report (1862,) which comprises 112 pages; and, while it gives an elaborate review of the condition, prospects and needs of our educational institutions, it is also a work of ability and interest to all in any way connected therewith. It is divided into different general topics, as follows: "The Schools and the Rebellion;" "Our Glory and our Shame;" "Proper Studies of the Common Schools;" "The District System;" "Normal Schools," and "Special Topics." In the first division, Mr. Weston treats upon the rebellion and its influences upon our educational institutions, including the common schools and the higher seminaries—although the former have suffered less disturbance than the latter—and while alluding to the losses of teachers and pupils therefrom, and the reduction of appropriations, in some cases, treats upon the lessons which the times teach, and illustrates that higher order of patriotism which is needed; suggesting that the subjects of our constitutional foundation and government, as well as military tactics, should, under certain regulations, form a part of our common school course of study. The second topic treats of "our glory," in good school-houses, excellent teachers, interested parents, and faithful and efficient school-officers—and "our shame," in dilapitated school-houses, poor teachers, parents indifferent to their children's studies or attendence, and incompetent agents. In the third division, Mr. Weston considers the question of what studies should be introduced into schools, having regard to the character of the schools under consideration. The system of district schools, as differing from the graded schools in our cities and larger towns, forms the topic of the next division; while those upon "Normal Schools" and "Special Subjects," are devoted to such subjects as the academy and the common school, expenses of Maine scholars out of the State, co-education of the sexes, the agricultural college, examination of teachers and general review. Although a less voluminous report than formerly—which was demanded by the reduction of the appropriation for its publication—it is one of the most able and interesting ever issued, and can but awaken our people to many needed reforms in the various systems of education in our State.

☞ The ladies of the Unitarian Society of this city are making preparations for a Fair and Levee to be held at Meonian Hall on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Feb. 25 and 26. The entertainments will be of a varied and attractive character, consisting of dramatic performances, tableaux, charades, vocal and instrumental music, the sale of useful and ornamental articles of needlework, refreshments, &c. Much is anticipated from the well-known energy and good taste of the working members of the Society on such occasions, and we have no doubt that the Levee will be generously patronized.

☞ Our friends of the Private Theatrical Club, whose dramatic performances heretofore have given so much pleasure to the limited number who have been permitted to witness them, we are glad to hear, have been prevailed upon to give one of their entertainments at Meonian Hall on this (Tuesday) evening. The performances will embrace three popular pieces—the comedies of "The Serious Family," and "All is not Gold that Glitters," and the laughable farce of "The Buzzards." The proceeds are to be appropriated for the benefit of the Soldiers' Aid Society.

☞ We call special attention to the advertisement headed "How to Make Five Dollars a Day."

Maine Military Items.

The New Orleans correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, under date of Feb. 2d, mentions the recent arrival at that port of several transports filled with troops to reinforce the army of the Gulf. The 28th Maine, Col. Woodman, arrived on the 28th of January; the 21st, Col. Johnson, and the 24th, Col. Atwood, on the 1st of February.

Col. Lakeman, of the 3d Maine, has sent to the Governor for preservation, the "old and battle worn flag" of the regiment. It is but the tattered remnant of the beautiful silken banner presented to the regiment ere it left Maine. Carried through nearly all the battles in Virginia, "with credit to the regiment and honor to the State," the Colonel hopes it may be preserved.

Capt. W. B. Snell, of Co. B, 13th Maine, is on trial at New Orleans in a suit in which the plaintiff sets forth that on the 6th of September last, during his temporary absence from his plantation, 50 miles from New Orleans, the steamer Avery, in charge of Capt. W. B. Snell, with a force under his command, stopped at said plantation, and took therefrom twenty-five hogsheads of sugar, and from his dwelling house several articles of silver plate. It is alleged that the acts of Capt. Snell were perpetrated under orders of Gen. Neal Dow, and the plaintiff prays that Gen. Dow be cited to appear and answer this petition and, after due proceedings had, that he be condemned to pay the amount claimed, with interest, cost and general relief.

A letter from Quartermaster Wm. H. Wood, of the 1st Maine Battery, states that this battery took a prominent part in the engagement at Berwick Bay, 100 miles west of New Orleans. This expedition, it will be remembered, destroyed the rebel gunboat "Cotton." The Battery is now under command of Acting Captain Bradbury, of Eastport. One of the shots from the battery aimed at one of the rebel gunboats entered the muzzle of the gun, and dashed it into a thousand pieces.

The Beaufort, S. C. *Free South*, states that a Division of the Sons of Temperance, known as Army Division No. 2, and under the jurisdiction of the Grand Division of Maine, was organized Saturday evening, 17th ult. The number of Charter members is 26, all from the 8th Maine Regiment. Twelve are commissioned officers, and four Captains.

Maj. T. W. Hyde, of the 7th Maine, has been appointed Acting Inspector General of the left grand division, Army of the Potomac, on the staff of Major General Smith.

1st Lieut. Zenas Vaughn, Co. L, 1st Maine Cavalry, was dismissed from the service by a court martial in November last; the sentence has been remitted, and he has been restored to his rank and duty.

Recent Military Appointments. The following appointments of officers in the Maine regiments have recently been made by Gov. Coburn to fill vacancies occurring by death, resignations, discharges, &c.:

Second Regiment.—George Varney, Colonel; Daniel F. Sargent, Lieut. Col.; John C. Quimby, Capt. Co. K. Sewall H. Downs, Brewer, 2d Lieut. Co F

Third Regiment.—George W. Harvey, Bath, Captain; Abner W. Turner, Bath, 1st Lieut.; George C. Hudson, 2d Lieut., Co. A; Edward C. Pierce, Captain; Warren Cox, 1st Lieut.; W. H. Briggs, 2d Lieut., Co. B, all of Augusta. Samuel L. Gilman, 2d Lieut Co. F.

Fourth Regiment.—Eben Whitcomb, Major. Charles F. Sawyer, Adjutant. Geo T. Crabtree, Captain; Chas. H. Conant, 1st Lieut., Co. C,—all of Rockland. G M. Bragg, 2d Lieut., Co. F. Robert H. Gray, Captain; Orpheus Roberts, 2d Lieut., Co. I

Fifth Regiment.—Francis G. Warren, Biddeford, Surgeon; Wm. S Noyes, Ass't Surgeon; Wm. B. Fenderson, Biddeford, Quartermaster.

Ninth Regiment.—Amaziah N. Goodwin, Calais, 2d Lieut. A; Joseph Noble, 1st Lieut. Co. A; Bradley Smith, 2d Co. G.

Twelfth Regiment.—Rev. Horace L. Bray, Augusta, Chaplain.

Fifteenth Regiment.—G. W. Capen, Calais, 2d Lieut., Co. K.

Sixteenth Regiment.—C. W. Tilden, Castine, Colonel; B. Farnham, Bangor, Lieut. Colonel; Archibald D. Leavitt, Turner, Major; Wm. W. Eaton, Brunswick, Ass't Surgeon. W. E. Brooks, Waterville, Captain; Wm. A. Stevens, 1st Lieut., Co. E.

Seventeenth Regiment.—Newton Whitten, Portland, 2d Lieut. Co. D; Frederick A. Sawyer, Portland, 2d Lieut. Co. E; Hiram R. Dyer, Farmington, 2d Lieut. Co G; Putnam S. Boothby, Biddeford, 1st Lieut. Co. K; Thomas W. Lord, Auburn, 2d Lieut. Co. K.

Nineteenth Regiment.—Ashbury C Richard, Pittston, Capt. Co. E; Loring Farr, Manchester, 2d Lieut. Co. G.

Twenty-first Regiment.—C. M. Lane, Fairfield, 2d Lieut. Co. A.

Twenty-second Regiment.—Gibson C. Patten, Corinna, 2d Lieut Co. A.

Twenty-third Regiment.—Horace C. Haskell, Turner, Captain, Co. D; Henry M. Bearce, Hebron, 1st Lieut. Co. D; Lorenzo D. Stacy, Porter, 2d Lieut. Co. K; Granville Fernald, Harrison, Captain, Co. B; Henry B. Cleaves, Bridgton, 1st Lieut. Co. B; Joshua R. Howard, Hanover, 2d Lieut. Co. B; R. A. Barrows, Canton, 2d Lieut Co C.

Twenty-fourth Regiment.—John W. Millett, Pittsfield, 2d Lieut. Co. C; Edward L. Sturtevant, Winthrop, Captain, Co. G; A. J. Billings, Albion, 2d Lieut. Co. G.

Twenty-sixth Regiment.—James E. Conners, Sullivan, 1st Lieut.; Nathan Shaw, Gouldsboro', 2d Lieut. Co. E.

Twenty-seventh Regiment.—Mark F. Wentworth, Kittery, Colonel; James M. Stone, Kennebunk, Lieut. Colonel; John D. Hill, Buxton, Major; Joseph F. Warren, Hollis, 1st Lieut. Co. C; Private O. F. Russell of ——, Chaplain.

Cavalry.—Addison P. Russell, Houlton, Adjutant.

Twenty-eighth Regiment.—Private Irving A. Wardwell of ——, Chaplain.

Light Artillery.—Freeman McGilvery, Searsport, Major.

First Heavy Artillery.—Stephen C. Talbot, East Machias, Adjutant.

First Battery.—Albert W. Bradbury, Eastport, Captain; Eben D. Haley, Pittston, Geo. E. Morton, Eastport, 1st Lieuts.; John W. Sanborn, Hallowell, 2d Lt.

Fourth Battery.—Charles W. White, Mathew B. Cobb, Skowhegan, 1st Lieuts; Melville C. Kimball, Bethel, Henry C. Haynes, Brooklyn, N. Y., 2d Lieuts.

Gen. Naglee's Brigade. The record of this gallant brigade, consisting of the 104th, 52d and 85th Penn., 11th Maine, 56th, 100th, 85th, 98th N. Y., is one of the proudest of the war. We alluded recently to the General Order of Gen. Naglee upon the occasion of his taking leave of the brigade to assume command of a Division of Gen. Foster's expedition. After directing the regiments of the brigade to inscribe on their banners the battles in which they have acted a conspicuous and honorable part, General Naglee says:

"The General lately commanding the Brigade most happily takes this occasion to congratulate the officers and soldiers with whom he has been so intimately associated.

Whilst memory lasts, it will continually recur to the scenes of deprivation and danger and blood and battle through which you have passed, and you will remember your inexperience and discontent, and then your discipline and friendly happy affiliation.

All will remember with regret the deadly effects of the swamps before Yorktown.

You were the first in the advance upon Williamsburg, and when ordered by Gen. McClellan to support Gen. Hancock the enemy gave up the contest.

On the 19th of May, at Bottom's Bridge, you waded waist deep in the swamps of the Chickahominy, you drove away the enemy and were the first to cross that stream.

On the 23d, 170 of your number made a reconnoissance from Bottom's Bridge to the James River, near Drury's Bluff, and returned bringing valuable information.

On the 24th, 25th and 26th, after other troops had failed, you made the gallant dashing reconnoissance of the Seven Pines, driving the superior force of General Stewart from Bottom's Bridge to within four and a half miles of Richmond, the position nearest that city ever occupied by our troops.

On the 31st of May, at "Fair oaks," or "Seven Pines," occupying the above advanced position, your brigade made the most desperate, bloody, obstinate fight of the war, and while we mourn the loss of one half of our comrades in arms, you have the consolation of knowing that by their heroic sacrifice, and your stubborn resistance, you saved the Army of the Potomac from great disaster.

On the 27th, 28th and 29th of June, the rebel General Jackson hurled his immense force suddenly upon our right, and passed that flank of the army, and all turned with extreme solicitude towards the rear at Bottom's Bridge, which, if crossed, would result in inevitable ruin; and it should be a source of great pride and satisfaction in the future to remember that all this intense anxiety was dispelled, and all breathed with relief and felt secure, when it rapidly ran through the army that "*Naglee's Brigade* had destroyed the bridges and stood night and day, for three days, in the middle of the Chickahominy, successfully and continually resisting its passage."

Again, on the following day, you held a post of the greatest importance and danger; at the White Oak Swamp the most determined efforts of the enemy to cross the bridge in pursuit of our army were thwarted by our artillery, and you stood for ten hours supporting it, quiet spectators of the most terrific cannonade, while other regiments were only kept in place by being ordered back when they approached your line. Retreating all night, you stood ready in position on the following day, expecting to be ordered to take part in the battle at Malvern Hill.

Retreating again all night at Carter's Hill on the 2nd of July, you stood by the artillery and wagon train, and when all expected it would be destroyed you brought it safely to Harrison's landing.

During December you destroyed a dozen large salt works in Mathews county, Virginia, and drove the Rangers from that, and Gloucester, Middlesex and King and Queen Counties, captured large herds intended for the Rebel army and destroyed all of their barracks, stables and stores.

At Yorktown from August to the end of December, you have restored the works at that place and Gloucester Point, and they are by your labor rendered strong and defensible.

Thus is yours the honor of having been the first to pass, and the last to leave, the Chickahominy, and while you led the advance from this memorable place near Richmond, you were the last in the retreating column, when after seven days constant fighting it reached a place of security and rest at Harrison's Landing.

Your descendants for generations will boast of the gallant conduct of the regiments to which you belong, and when all are laid in the dust, History will still proclaim the glorious deeds performed by you.

Go on! "The truth is mighty and will prevail." Pretenders for a time, may rob you of your just deserts, but as you have experienced, their evil report will certainly be exposed; for, your many friends at home ever watchful of and identified with, your reputation, will see that justice shall be done.

A new page in your history is about to be written, let it be still more brilliant than that already known. Your past good conduct has won the warmest esteem and confidence of your late Brigade Commander; he has no apprehensions for the future.

By command of Brig. Gen. Henry M. Naglee,
Commanding Division.
Geo. H. Johnson, Capt. and A. A. G.

Negro Fighting in Florida. A brief telegraphic notice, published by us last week, stated that Col. T. W. Higginson, with a detachment of his negro regiment, the first South Carolina volunteers, proceeded from Beaufort last week to attend to our rebel brethren in Georgia and Florida, and that, in an encounter with rebel cavalry, the colored men whipped them bravely. The following is a more extended account of the affair:

"The expedition sailed on the 23d January. At St. Simon and Jekyll Islands it captured a quantity of T railroad iron, valued at $5000, live stock and farming utensils of much utility to contrabands, who are exceedingly anxious to make a crop this season. Arriving at Fernandina, Col. Higginson proceeded up the St. Mary's river about twenty-five miles, to a point called Township, where he landed his command, and after marching a few miles from the river, on the Florida side, he met and thoroughly routed a company of mounted Floridians, emptying at the first discharge thirteen saddles, and killing and wounding many more, while on the Union side only one man was killed, Mr. Parsons, a private in Co. G, and two others were seriously, though not dangerously wounded.

Two days after, Col. Higginson ascended with the John Adams as high as Woodstock, Fla. His troops made sad havoc of the rebels as often as they appeared in force on either bank. At Woodstock, seven rebel prisoners were taken, and the expedition brought off forty thousand brick, lumber, live stock, and all the jewels belonging to Madame Aburtis' barracoon, or in chivalry parlance, jail, consisting of iron collars, bracelets for wrists and ankles, for both sexes."

In closing his report to Gen. Saxton, Col. Higginson says:

"No officer in this regiment now doubts that the key to the successful prosecution of this war lies in the unlimited employment of black troops. Their superiority lies simply in the fact that they know the country, which white troops do not; and, moreover, that they have peculiarities of temperament, position and motive which belong to them alone. Instead of leaving their homes and families to fight, they are fighting for their homes and families, and they show the resolution and sagacity which a personal purpose gives. It would have been madness to attempt with the bravest white troops, what I have successfully accomplished with black ones."

In course of his report, which is very lengthy and full of details, Col. Higginson makes a suggestion that a chain of advanced posts, held by negroes and supported by gunboats in the rivers of the interior, "would completely alter the whole aspect of the war in the seaboard slave States and would accomplish what no accumulation of northern regiments can so easily effect." This is the very use for negro soldiers suggested in the proclamation of the President.

Cold Blooded Murder in Camden. The Bangor *Whig* publishes the following extract of a letter from Camden, dated Feb. 12th, giving an account of a recent murder in that town:

"A dreadful murder was committed this afternoon by a Mr. Blake, who lives directly across the street from us. His business is that of a sail maker. He deliberately shot a Mr. Patterson (his brother-in-law) through the head, in a sail loft near by. Patterson died instantly. There has been some family trouble between them. Blake's character has not been good. He was somewhat in liquor at the time, but was perfectly cool. After committing the deed he set his gun against the partition, seated himself by the stove, filled his pipe and commenced smoking. Patterson leaves a wife and six children."

Deaths of Maine Soldiers. In the list of recent deaths at the hospitals in Washington are the names of the following soldiers from Maine: J. F. Colton, 2d Maine Battery; Daniel Cobb, Co. H, 16th Maine; F. E. Graffam, Co. B, 10th Maine; A. E. Pettigrew, Co. D, 25th Maine.

The following deaths in Gen. Banks' department at New Orleans are reported: Franklin M. Lecroix, Co. K, 13th Maine; Frank Moore, Co. B, 22d Maine, both Jan. 21st.

Legislative. The only important measure reported in the proceedings of the Legislature for the past week, is the order introduced by Mr. Warren of Veazie, on Saturday last, for an adjournment *sine die* on Friday, the 6th of March. There was no quorum present and the order was laid on the table.

☞ The *Herald's* Washington despatch of the 14th inst., states that Commander Preble, recently dismissed from the Navy for permitting the entrance of the rebel steamer Oreto in Mobile, has been nominated for restoration to his rank in the service.

☞ It will be seen by the list of military appointments published elsewhere, that Capt. McGilvery, of the 6th Maine Battery has been promoted to be Major of Mounted Artillery.

Army Correspondence.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from the Fourth Maine Battery.

Camp Hill, (near Harper's Ferry,) Feb, 5th, 1863.

Messrs. Editors:—Thinking that some of your numerous readers, especially those who have friends and relatives in the Fourth Maine Battery, would be interested in a short account of our adventures on the "sacred soil" of Virginia during the past summer, I take this opportunity to write you a sketch of our movements, the battle we have been engaged in, &c. Although I can but regret that the task before me might not have fallen into the hands of some worthier person, yet, as we have been in service more than a year, and no one has been found to assume this duty, I feel that it is but justice to ourselves to inform the people of Maine what our conduct, during this time, has been.

I have nothing very remarkable to write, but perhaps as much as some who have written a great deal. We have pursued the enemy, fought him and run from him. Perhaps some have fought more than we have, and perhaps some have run more; be that as it may, we can say with honest pride that we have always done our duty when called into action, and have ever been ready to face the enemy wherever found.

At the time of Gen. Banks' retreat up the valley of the Shenandoah, we were doing guard duty at Fort Ramsey, Va. We were not expecting to be called into active service immediately, but in the panic which followed this retreat, we were ordered to Washington, mounted for the first time, had the benefit of two weeks drill, and received orders to report at Winchester with out delay. Accordingly we started, and with the exception of a day at Harper's Ferry, kept moving until we joined our brigade below Middleton. Our route from Washington was by rail to Harper's Ferry, from there we made the rest of our way on foot. We passed through Charleston, about eight miles from Harper's Ferry, on the Ferry and Winchester turnpike, and stopped for the night at a small town called Wedgeville, and then pushed on for Winchester. We arrived and passed through there on the 17th, stopped that night at Kernstown some three miles from Winchester—the 18th joined our brigade, and the 19th took position at Cedar Creek near Middleton.

While we were here, the time dragged along heavily. Now and then we were ordered out on review, and once we tried the range of our pieces at a target. Captain Dahlgreen complimented us highly on our shooting; said it was the best he had seen made by any battery, and if there was any fighting done in that vicinity, we should have a chance to try our skill.

The 5th of July we received marching orders, which was very welcome, and got to Front Royal the next morning, where we met the 10th Maine, and two companies of the 1st Maine Cavalry. They with the 6th Battery, and ourselves, were all the Maine troops near there. From Front Royal we went through Manassas Gap, crossed the Rappahannock and went to within two miles of Warrenton. From here, after a short delay, we proceeded to Little Washington. Here we were paid, reviewed, inspected and reinspected to our hearts' content, and then ordered to march again. Our whole force, about 7,000, left on the 6th of August, and arrived at Culpepper Court House about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 9th. At 12 o'clock we again started forward at double quick, for we heard cannon booming in front and we were eagar to see what the trouble was. After proceeding about four miles, we slackened our pace and moved on some two miles further into a piece of woods, where we halted for a time. Here we learned that there had been skirmishing between our advance force and the enemy in the fore part of the day, about half a mile ahead. Then came the word "forward," and on we went. We soon got out into open land again, when we saw the enemy on the side of Cedar Mountain in large force, but on we went a short distance further and took position on a small hill, in an orchard, under a heavy fire of artillery, for the enemy opened fire on us as soon we came out of the woods, and before we got into position, we had one man wounded by a shell.

We open fire on them, and kept it up four hours and and a half, only stopping to let our guns cool. We fired five hundred and ninety shots, and were under a severe cross fire all the time. Our right piece was disabled, and the next one struck but not injured much. We had one man killed, seven wounded, and a good many horses killed. Amid the whole confusion, roar of cannon, screaming of shells, and rattle of musketry, not a man flinched from his post, although the bullets whistled around our ears, and the shells and solid shot shrieked and screamed around us—some striking in front of us and throwing dirt and stones all over us—others going over our heads or tearing through the tops of trees. We had no infantry to support us during the whole fight, and just at night, we got orders to "limber up" and leave the field. We had barely "limbered up," when the rebels made a charge and fired on us from a short distance, luckily doing no damage, for most of their bullets went over us. We left the field without any further invitation. When we got to the woods where we halted before the battle, the road was crammed full of ambulances, &c., but we made our way through them and through the woods, where we found McDowell's force, which was too late to prevent our falling back some two miles, where we lay till morning. The rebels were reinforced during the afternoon, so that they outnumbered us four to one. The next two days were devoted to burying the dead on both sides. On the third day Gen. Banks' whole force moved back to Culpepper Court House, some six miles.

I have consumed so much space in description of this, our first battle, as to leave me little chance to allude to the other engagements in which, I am proud to say, our Battery has acquitted itself with honor. We were called into action next at Rappahannock Crossing, and soon after at Sulphur Springs, but I have neither time nor space to indulge in a detailed account of these, besides they are nearly as familiar to the people of Maine as to us. Suffice it to say that while the recollection of these scenes awakens a shudder at the horrors of the battlefield, it also brings to us that satisfaction which the knowledge of duty well performed always imparts. Of the horrors attending that terrible retreat from Virginia, which was followed by the invasion of Maryland, Volumes might be written, but it is not necessary to recall them. Let us rather be thankful that it terminated as well for us as it did. We, as a part of the army, shared its hardships and perils, and have not yet fully recovered from its effects. Our horses were almost entirely exhausted, and have not as yet been replaced. For six weeks after the battle of Antietam, we remained at Maryland Heights, and then went to Sharpsburg, where we remained until the 10th of December, when we came here, and here we are.

Pardon me, Messrs. Editors, if I have encroached too much upon your columns, and remember that we do not bore you with our correspondence *often*, and let this consideration atone for our lengthy letter. The *Farmer*, anxiously sought for, as it is among our mails from home, will be doubly welcome if it gives place to an account of our wanderings and adventures; so that our friends at home may see that we are performing our duty and cheerfully battling for the time honored institutions of our beloved country. Rolf.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from Alexandria, Va.

Camp Metcalf, Va., Feb. 1863.

Messrs. Editors:—Since writing the letter which you so kindly published in the *Farmer* of January 23, our regiment has been detached from the brigade in which we then were, for guard duty at the convalescent camp, about two and a half miles from Washington.

Our camp is beautifully situated. From it we have a fine view of the cities of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria; also of the noble Potomac, with hundreds of vessels of every description upon its surface. This must have been a very beautiful section of the "Old Dominion" before the breaking out of the rebellion; but the storm of war has swept over its fair hills and valleys, and but a sad picture of its former beauty remains. Houses, barns, fences, orchards and forests have been destroyed, and rifle pits, earthworks, and forts have taken their places.

The convalescent camp presents one of the many sad pictures of war. At present there are about nine thousand soldiers here, from every loyal State—some waiting to join their regiments, and some to obtain their discharge on account of physical disabilities. Scarcely a day passes but the remains of some brave fellow, followed by some who had been his "comrades in battle," is borne to his last resting place on earth. And as I look upon the wasted forms of those whose presence once threw a halo of happiness around many a home, I cannot but exclaim with another, "O this terrible war!" and often in the silent watches of the night, while pacing to and fro before the camp, keeping watch over the sleeping thousands, do I ask myself the question, "when will it come to an end?" Not, however, until our people shall acknowledge God; not until many thousands more of brave and loyal hearts shall have sacrificed their lives upon their country's altar, and breathed out their last lingering breath beneath the bright blue sky of many a hard fought Southern battle field. It seems hard indeed that we must resign all our bright hopes and prospects in this life; but the sacrifice must be made; no yielding, no wavering, no mediating, no surrender of our principles. Our life must mingle, it may be, without a trace, in the great current of events which is sweeping us from the shores of time. We must battle for the rights and the welfare of generations to come as for our own, and if we die in the struggle, the power that gave us being will bear us safely across the dark waters of the "river of death," to the land of the bright beyond.

For two or three weeks past, this division of

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Latest Telegraphic News.

DESTRUCTION OF THE HATTERAS.

OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF HER CAPTURE.

Important Movement in Progress by Gen. Grant.

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN ALABAMA.

SUCCESSFUL SKIRMISHING WITH THE ENEMY.

Rumored Successful Attack by General Banks at Port Hudson.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE,
Kingston, Jamaica, Jan. 21, 1863.

It is my painful duty to inform the Department of the destruction of the U. S. steamer Hatteras, recently under my command, by the rebel steamer Alabama on the night of the 11th inst., off the coast of Texas. The circumstances of the disaster are as follows.

Upon the afternoon of the 11th inst., at 3.30 o'clock, while at anchor in company with the fleet under Com. Bell off Galveston, Texas, I was ordered by signal from U. S. Flag-ship Brooklyn to chase a sail to the southward and eastward. I got under way immediately and steamed with all speed in the direction indicated. After some time the strange sail could be seen from the Hatteras, and was ascertained to be a steamer, which fact was communicated to the flag-ship by signal. I continued the chase and rapidly gained upon the suspicious vessel. Knowing the slow rate of speed of the Hatteras, I at once suspected that deception was being practiced, and hence ordered the ship to be cleared for action, with everything in readiness for a determined attack and vigorous defence. When within about four miles of the vessel, I observed that she had ceased to steam and was lying broadside and waiting us. It was nearly 7 o'clock and quite dark, but notwithstanding the obscurity of the night I felt assured from the general character of the vessel and her manœuvers, that I should soon encounter the rebel steamer Alabama. I came within easy speaking range, about 75 yards, and upon asking what steamer is that, received the answer—"Her Britanic Majesty's ship, Vixen." I replied that I would send a boat aboard, and immediately gave orders. In the meantime both vessels were changing positions, the stranger endeavoring to gain a desirable position for a raking fire. Almost simultaneously with the piping away of the boat the craft again replied—"We are the Confederate steamer Alabama," which was accompanied by a broadside. I at the same moment returned the fire.

I steamed directly for the Alabama, but she was enabled by her great speed to thwart my attempt. When I had gained a distance of but 30 yards from her, at this range musket and pistol shots were exchanged. The firing continued with great vigor on both sides. At length a shell entered amidships in the hold, setting fire to it, and at the same insant a shell passed through the sick bay, exploding in an adjoining compartment, also producing fire. Another shell entered the cylinder, filling the engine-room and deck with steam, and depriving me of any power to manage the vessel or to work the pumps, upon which the reduction of the fires depended.

It was soon reported to me that the shells had entered the Hatteras at the water line, and the water was rushing in, utterly defying every attempt to remedy the evil, and that she was rapidly sinking. Learning the melancholy truth, I felt that I had no right to sacrifice uselessly the lives of all under my command. To prevent the blowing up of the Hatteras, I ordered the magazine to be flooded and afterwards a lee gun to be fired. The Alabama then asked if assistance was desired, to which an affirmative answer was given. The Hatteras was now going down. I caused the armament on the port side to be thrown overboard; had I not done so, I am convinced the vessel would have gone down. After considerable delay, the Alabama sent us aid, and every living being was conveyed on board the Alabama. Ten minutes after leaving the Hatteras, she went down, with her pennant at her masthead, the enemy not being able to obtain a single gun. The distance between the two vessels during the action varied from 25 to 100 yards.

Nearly 50 shots were fired from the Hatteras, and I presume a greater number from the Alabama.

I enclose the report of Assistant Surgeon E. S. Mathews, by which you observe that five men were wounded and two killed. The missing, it is hoped, have reached the fleet at Galveston.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant, R. C. BLAKE,
Lieut. Commanding.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of Navy.

NEW YORK, 16th. The *World* says editorially about the the operations at Vicksburg:—Gen. McArthur's division is reported to have moved up up from the mouth of the Yazoo river to Lake Providence, 30 miles further up. Here it appears the Mississippi is not far removed from two streams, the Bayou Mason and the Bayou Tenas, which at high water are nearly joined to the parent stream at their sources. Thence they continue down in a torturous path until they reach the Red River near its mouth, some 25 miles above Bayou Sara and 50 miles above Port Hudson. It is deemed possible at the high stage of the Mississippi by a little excavation and clearing to turn so much of the river into this new channel, to make a navigable stream of the Tenas or Mason.

This would leave Vicksburg some hundred miles to the left. Should this scheme succeed we might expect to see the half of our army advancing in a fleet of transports to assist Gen. Banks at Port Hudson, preparatory to the grand attack on Vicksburg by the combined armies.

NEW YORK, 16th. The Helena correspondent of the Missouri Democrat, under date of 3d, says on the 2d of February, by order of Gen. Grant, Gen. Gorman with about 500 men, moved down the Yazoo Pass, which is about six miles below Helena and near Delta, on the Mississippi side. After removing some drift and large trees, they succeeded in landing their boats at the levee.

The levee is built across the bayou or pass leading from the Mississippi river into the Coldwater, about 15 miles above its mouth. The water south of the levee is about 10 feet below the water level of the Mississippi, at its present stage, consequently the destruction of the levee at this point will at once result in the overflow of the country for 50 miles in every direction, and open a navigable channel for ordinary boats to the Coldwater, thence to the Tallahachie and to the Yazoo.

The troops were busily employed in cutting the levee all day yesterday, and the water will be let in to-morrow.

A navigable channel will thus be opened to the rear of Vicksburg, in a direction which is not fortified by the rebels, and I can see nothing to prevent our mosquito fleet from moving immediately into Yazoo and taking possession of the rebel steamers that run the river.

Moreover, a formidable army threatening the rebels at Vicksburg from this direction must strike terror to their hearts and result in their final discomfiture and overthrow.

NEW YORK, 16th. An officer of Gen. Grant's army who has arrived here, reports our forces in full strength around Vicksburg, and work on the canal is making satisfactory headway. The new channel has six feet of water and the current is rapidly increasing.

NEW YORK, 16th. Memphis letters of the 11th state that there is a perfect reign of terror in Northern Alabama and Northern Mississippi. Guerillas and blood hounds are on the track of Union men, who flee to the woods to avoid conscription.

A young girl carrying food to her father was torn to pieces by blood-hounds!

Not less than 1000 Union men have reached Corinth. A regiment is forming there which already numbers six full companies.

A number of Unionists have been shot and hung, and their houses burned. Two women in Tuscumbia county have been torn to pieces by blood-hounds!

Among the fugitives at Corinth are men 80 years of age.

FAYETTEVILLE, 12. To Major Gen. Curtis:—Lieut. Col. Stewart has just returned from a scout to the Arkansas river. One hundred of our men crossed the river near the mouth of Frog Bayou and had a skirmish with Carroll's command on this side of the river, 8 miles east of Van Buren, killing several. Carroll was attempting to cut of Col. Stewart's return, but has been foiled in his undertaking. About 40 prisoners were taken. Our loss was one man taken prisoner, and one was drowned. Quite a number of horses and mules and a considerable quantity of arms have fallen into our hands.

(Signed) M. S. HASEYSON,
Col. Comd'g Post.

NASHVILLE, 16th. Yesterday a foraging party of the 2d Minnesota regiment, camped near Nolinville, had a severe skirmish with two companies of Forrest's command. Our men killed 5 and wounded 5. The latter were taken prisoners. The balance of the rebels escaped.

The *Tribune's* Washington despatch says an important but vague rumor comes through rebel channels that Gen. Banks has fought a battle seven miles below Port Hudson, the result of which was that the rebels fell back to Port Hudson, while Gen. Banks retired to his camps.

The Record of the War.

The Attack of the Iron Clad Montauk on Fort McAllister.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10. The Port Royal correspondent of the *Times*, dated 2d, states the attack by the Montauk and the gunboat Seneca, Wissahickon and Dawn, assisted by the mortar schooner C. P. Williams, upon Fort McAllister, on the Ogeechie river, Ga., was resumed on Monday morning, but I have not been able to ascertain that much progress was made in reducing the fortification. Under the guidance of a negro pilot, who had escaped from the Nashville, the Montauk was taken early in the morning to a point within 600 yards of the battery, and commenced work at once and continued the bombardment until 1½ P. M., when the ebb tide compelled her to retire. She fired in the aggregate about 80 rounds from both her guns, and showed excellent gunnery, but was unable to breach the work in consequence of the immense thickness of the embankment, which is nearly 30 feet.

The Montauk was struck forty-six times, and received no other damage than the starting of six bolts in the pilot house by a rifle shot, and the shattering of her smoke-stack. The other vessels took a position at a long range, and kept up a steady fire until signalized by Capt. Worden to cease.

Rebel Camp and Fort Destroyed on the Mississippi.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10. A New Orleans correspondent, under date of the 2d inst., states that movements have been made west of the Mississippi within the last few days, which, if not of great importance in themselves, are undoubtedly preliminary to greater and more important operations in that vicinity.

On Wednesday last Capt. Williams and Lieut. Perkins of the unattached cavalry, with a force of 72 men, 60 of them cavalry men, and 12 from the gunboat Albatross, moved from Donaldsonville against the enemy, who were fortifying at the Park, a place on the Grosse Tete, about 20 miles below Baton Bouge, on the opposite side of the river. The expedition had with it a howitzer, and coming on the enemy unexpectedly, soon scattered them and captured ten or twelve prisoners.

The rebel fortifications and rifle pits were completely destroyed, as were also the camp and tables, and a considerable quantity of ammunition, blankets, rations and equipments fell into our hands. On our side there was no loss. The expedition in fact accomplished all that was expected, and was a complete success.

Federal Force Ambuscaded near Williamsburg.

YORKTOWN, Feb. 9. During last week a number of rebels have been taken prisoners, and others have deserted and come within our lines at this place. Last Saturday five rebel deserters came in and reported sixteen others awaiting an opportunity to come in.

Major Klinz ordered out Capt. Faith, Co., M, 5th Pennsylvania cavalry, and Capt. Hagermaster Co. L, on an expedition. They reached the six mile ordinary without opposition. The enemy's pickets stationed there retired before them, and Capt. Faith, without orders, pushed forward after them. Just this side of the nine mile ordinary he with his command was drawn into an ambuscade and fired upon. He was brought back supposed to be mortally wounded. Capt. Hagermaster, upon whom the command devolved, fought like a hero. He charged upon and broke through the enemy's line, but got separated from his command and was taken prisoner.

YORKTOWN, Feb. 10. The engagement on Saturday night beyond Williamsburg is different from the first report. Our loss in killed, wounded and missing will be considerably less than thirty. The wounds of Capt. Faith are not pronounced mortal. Lieut. James Smith and several others supposed to be prisoners, have made their escape. Capt. Hagermaster and Lieut. Williams are undoubtedly in the hands of the enemy, as is also the body of Lieut. R. Miller, who was probably killed.

From Tennessee---Capture of Lebanon and Six Hundred Rebels.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 10. Our forces entered Lebanon, Tenn., on the 8th inst. They captured some 600 rebels, most of them being men of Morgan's command. Many field officers were taken. Among the prisoners was Paul Anderson, a violent rebel member of the State Legislature of 1860 and 1862. He was an original secessionist, and one of the carliest advocates for a Southern Confederacy.

The Exploits of the Steamer Queen of the West at Vicksburg---Col. Ellet's Official Report.

CHICAGO, Feb. 11. A special dispatch from Cairo to-day says that news has been received from Vicksburg to Saturday.

The ram Queen of the West has returned from below. Her trip down the river was most successful. She met three steamers with provisions for the rebels at Vicksburg, and succeeded in sinking them. She took fifty-six prisoners, one of whom was a Colonel. The Queen of the West went near enough to Port Hudson to draw the fire from the upper battery.

U. S. STEAM RAM QUEEN OF THE WEST,
Below Vicksburg, Feb. 2.

Admiral: In compliance with your instructions I started on the Queen of the West at half past four this morning to pass the batteries at Vicksburg and sink the rebel steamer lying before that city. I discovered immediately on starting that the change of the wheel from its former position to the narrow space behind the bulwarks did not permit the boat to be handled with sufficient accuracy. An hour or more was spent in rearranging the apparatus, and when we finally rounded the point the sun had risen, and any advantage which would have resulted from the darkness was lost to us. The rebels opened a heavy fire upon us as we neared the city, but we were only struck three times before reaching the steamer. She was lying in nearly the same position that the Arkansas occupied when Gen. Ellet ran the Queen into her on a former occasion. The same causes which prevented the destruction of the Arkansas then saved the steamer City of Vicksburg this morning. Her position was such that if we had run obliquely into her as we came down, the bow of the Queen would inevitably have glanced. We were compelled to partially round in order to strike. The consequence was that at the very moment of collision the current, which is very rapid and strong at this point, caught the stern of my boat and acting on her bow as a pivot swung her round so rapidly that nearly all her momentum was lost. I had anticipated this, and therefore caused the starboard bow gun to be shotted with three of the incendiary projectiles recommended in your orders. As we swung around Sergeant J. H. Campbell, detailed for the purpose, fired this gun. A sixty-four pound shell crushed through the barricade just before he reached the spot, but he did not hesitate; the discharge took place at exactly the right moment, and set the rebel steamer in flames, which they subsequently succeeded in extinguishing. At this moment one of the enemy's shells set the cotton near the starboard wheel on fire, while the discharge of our own gun ignited that portion which was on our bow. The flames spread rapidly, and the dense smoke rolling into the engine room suffocated the engineers. I saw that if I attempted to run into the City of Vicksburg again my boat would certainly be burnt. I ordered her to be headed down the stream, and set every man to extinguishing the flames. After much exertion we finally put the fire out by cutting the burning bales loose.

The enemy of course were not idle. We were struck twelve times, and though the cabin door was knocked to pieces, no material injury to the boat or to any of those on board was inflicted. About two regiments of rebel sharpshooters in rifle-pits kept up a continual fire, but did no damage. The Queen was struck twice in the hull, but above the water line. One of our guns was dismounted and ruined.

I can only speak in the highest terms of the conduct of every man on board. All behaved with cool, determined courage.

I remain, very respectfully,
(Signed) CHARLES RIVERS ELLET.

Skirmish near Harper's Ferry---Capture and Recapture of Federal Troops.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 13. A despatch from Brig. Gen. Kelley, dated Harper's Ferry to-day, to Lieut. Col. Cheseboro, Assistant Adjutant General, says: "Yesterday about 1 o'clock a squad of Baylor's cavalry attacked a small scouting party of 12 men of the 12th Pennsylvania Cavalry from Kearneysville, near Smithfield, killing 1, wounding 2, and capturing 4 men and several horses. About 4 P. M. my scouts from here fell in with the same party a few miles south of Charlestown, and after a running fight of several miles recaptured our men and horses, and captured Lieut. Baylor, 2 of his men, and several horses."

The Pirate Florida still Afloat---Seven more Prizes Captured by her.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11. The steamer Melita, from Havana 5th, arrived this morning.

The steamer Vanderbilt left Havana on the evening of the 4th, on a cruise.

Our Havana letter of the 5th states that the pirate Florida left Nassau a week ago, after coaling. She is reported to have made seven prizes off Cuba, and one off the Bahamas.

Fight at Dover, Tenn.---The Rebels Defeated with great Slaughter.

WASHINGTON, 14th. The Navy Department has received the following;—

U. S. GUNBOAT FAIRPLAY,
Off Dover, Tenn. 4th.

I have the honor to report that on the 3d inst., I left Smithland, Ky., with a fleet of transports and the gunboats Lexington, Fairplay, St. Clair, Brilliant, Robert and Silver Lake, as a convoy, up the Cumberland river.

When about 24 miles below I met the steamer Wildcat, with a message from Colonel Harding, commander of the post at Dover, informing me that his pickets had been driven in, and he was attacked in force.

I immediately left the transports and made signal to the gunboats to follow on up as fast as possible.

A short distance below the town I met another steamer bringing the intelligence that the place was entirely surrounded.

Pushing on with all possible speed, I arrived here at about eight o'clock in the evening, and found Col. Harding's force out of ammunition and entirely surrounded by the rebels in overwhelming numbers, but still successfully holding them in check.

The enemy, not expecting the gunboats, had unwisely posted the main body of his army in line of battle in the grave yard at the west end of of the town, with his left wing resting in a ravine that led down to the river, giving us a chance to throw a raking fire along his line.

Simultaneously the gunboats opened fire upon this ravine, into the graveyard, and over into the valley beyond, where the enemy had horses hitched, and most probably kept their reserve.

The rebels were taken so much by surprise that they did not fire a shot, but immediately commenced retreating. So well directed was our fire that they could not even carry off a caisson that they had captured from our forces, but were compelled to abandon it after two fruitless attempts to destroy it by fire.

After having disposed of the main body of the enemy, I stationed the Robert and Silver Lake, below the town to throw the shell up the ravine and prevented the rebels from returning to carry off the wounded, while the Lexington, Fairplay, St. Clair and Brilliant went above and shelled the roads leading to the eastward. Supposing the retreating forces would follow the river a short distance, I sent the Lexington and St. Clair up to shell the roads and harrass and annoy the enemy as much as possible, while this boat and the Brilliant lay opposite the upper ravine and threw shell up the roads.

About 10 o'clock, P. M., we ceased firing, with the exception of now and then a random shell up the roads.

At 11 P. M., hearing from Col. Harding that the enemy had entirely disappeared, we ceased firing, and took a position to guard the roads approaching the town. Although much of our firing was at random, we have the gratification of knowing that scarcely a projectile went amiss and that out of the 140 bodies buried to-day, the gunboats can claim their share. Even when the Lexington and St. Clair went above, many of their shells fell in the midst of the retreating rebels, killing and wounding many.

It is reported that the attacking forces number some 4500, with eight pieces of artillery under command of Maj. General Wheeler and Brigadier Generals Forrest and Wharton.

It is certainly gratifying to know that this entire force was cut up, routed, and despoiled of its prey, by the timely arrival of the gunboats, and that Colonel Harding and his gallant little band, were spared to wear the honor they had so fairly won.

At first I regretted that I was not here sooner with the gunboats, but upon reflection, I did not think I could better have arranged the time, had it been in my power. Had we been here before General Wheeler, he would not have made the attack; but most probably have marched on Fort Henry; had we arrived during the day, he would have seen our strength, and would have retreated but with little loss. Arriving as we did, after dark, and when he least expected us, and was so sanguine of success, we caught his forces arranged in the most favorable position to receive a raking fire from our guns.

The officers and men were very glad to have a shot at these river infesters, and only regret that they did not remain within reach of the guns longer. As it is, they claim something of the honor of dispersing them and saving Fort Donelson.

Very respectfully, your obd't serv't,
LEROY FITZ,
Lieutenant Commanding.

To Capt. A. M. Pennock, U. S. N., Commanding Naval Station, Cairo, Ill.

From Port Royal---Safe Arrival of Gen. Foster's Expedition.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., Feb. 3. The most of Maj. General Foster's fleet, from North Carolina, has arrived here in good condition.

The 1st South Carolina negro regiment arrived here yesterday from an expedition 60 miles up the St. Mary's river, Ga., to the town of Woodstock, which they burnt, after having repulsed the enemy in a severe engagement. They also destroyed some extensive salt works. The regiment fought like veterans and repulsed superior numbers.

The Pirate Alabama at Kingston Jamaica.

NEW YORK, 15th. Kingston, Jamaica, papers, by the last steamer, announce the arrival of the Alabama on the 20th ult., with the officers and crew, 160 in all, of the Hatteras. The Alabama was badly riddled in the encounter.

Two Federal men of war were reported off Jamaica.

The American Consul had chartered the ship Boridino to bring the crew of the Hatteras to the United States.

From Army of the Potomac---Rebel Movements.

WASHINGTON, 15. From information received from the Army of the Potomac it appears that the rebels are throwing up breastworks and rifle pits North of Fredericksburg.

It need not be inferred, from the absence of interesting news from the Rappahannock, that the army is in a condition of idleness. The abolition of the grand divisions has thrown many weighty matters upon the Commanding General and his staff, and the various departments are sedulously engaged, without regard to hours, in matters pertaining to the discipline and consolidation of the Army.

NEW YORK, 14th. A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* who came up to Washington yesterday from the army, reports that deserters give information of large bodies of rebel troops moving up towards the Osage and Alexandria railroad.

A BEAR STORY. The first bear story of the season we find narrated in the Bangor *Whig*, by John Cusack, of Readfield. While he was on an exploring expedition in township No. 3, near the Penobscot, he hitched his horse, intending to follow some snow shoe slopes across the mountain. After traveling two miles, in crossing a heap of brush it suddenly gave way and precipitated him into a hole where was a bear with three cubs. The bear stripped the vest and shirt from Cusack, and by some means threw one of the cubs out of the hole. Cusack got out uninjured, seized the cub and made off with it. He had got but a short distance when he found the old bear was after him. Quickening his speed he managed to reach his horse, which he mounted, still holding on to the cub, and put the steed to his quickest pace. Having gained some rods on the bear, he loaded a revolver he had and gave bruin the contents of it in his neck. The bear then made for the water when he was drawn under the ice by the current. Cusack reached the camp safely, took five of his companions, went back and secured the other two cubs.

THE PRIZE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL. We think it may be safely pronounced that of all the prizes captured by our blockading vessels, the steamer Princess Royal, with her cargo, is by far the richest. There have been found on board of her two complete sets of machinery of great power, each intended for an ironclad rebel ram or gunboat; a set of machinery for the manufacture of steel-pointed projectiles; another set for the manufacture of iron plates for vessels-of-war and fortifications, and the valuable item of six hundred barrels of gunpowder, with a great mass of miscellaneous articles of British handiwork for the use of their friends, the rebels of Charleston.

☞ The Bath *Times* is informed by Mr. J. S. Lynch, that he has discovered a vein of Plumbago, or black lead, eight inches in thickness, and valuable specimens of copper, on the land owned by Charles Donnell, West Bath. A company is being formed for the purpose of testing the value of the discovery. Mr. Lynch thinks the lead of a good quality, and the copper ore is from 15 to 20 per cent.

☞ Mr. Charles A. Moore, formerly of Solon, Me., late a resident of Red Bluff, Cal., shot himself on the 31st of December. A San Francisco paper says he was walking along, stopped suddenly, took out a small sized Colt's revolver, placed it against his breast, and snapped the whole five caps in succession, the last one exploding, when he fell to the sidewalk mortally injured. A later report says there is chance for his recovery.

Foreign News.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Steamship Etna from Liverpool Jan. 29th, arrived at New York, Feb. 13th.

Great Britain.

The ship George Griswold, from New York, with breadstuffs and provisions for the Lancashire sufferers, on her arrival in the Mersey, is to be received with salutes from the batteries and men-of-war, by order of the Secretary of War.

Rumors of French mediation still circulate. Some authorities say they are authentic. It is reported that Drouyn de l'Huys has instructed the French Ministers at St. Petersburg, London, Vienna and Berlin, to sound those courts upon the fitness, not of mediation, but of simple counsels, which might be given to the belligerents, advising them to name commissioners, charged to examine, with or without an armistice, upon what basis an arrangement might be made to put an end to the war. Another authority says Drouyn de l'Huys is preparing a note for transmission to Washington, recommending compromise.

The steamer Georgia had left Liverpool and Holy Head for Nassau with large applies of arms, ammunition, &c., and various necessaries for the Alabama, of which vessel she is called a tender.

The ship Eliza Bowrall had arrived at Liverpool with 1500 bales of cotton from Nassau.

The London *Times* opposes the scheme for the English government contracting heavy liabilities for the Canada and Nova Scotia railway. It says it had better wait and see what becomes of the American Republic before setting up such a costly defense.

France.

Napoleon has distributed to the French exhibitors their awards from the London exhibition. He made an unusually liberal and pacific speech.

The Arch Bishop of Paris has attacked England and Russia for not joining France in mediation in America.

The drafts of the Senate's address to the Emperor express regret that the proposals of France for mediation were thought premature by other powers.

PARIS Jan. 29th. The *Moniteur* of to-day says Lord Crowley has been instructed by Earl Russell to express to Mr. Drouyn de l'Huys the satisfaction felt by the British government on account of the late speech of the Emperor of the French to the exhibitors at the World's Fair and its strong desire to see the sentiment of mutual esteem daily strengthen the ties of friendship which unite the two nations as well as their government.

Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan, 21st. The revolutionary bands have taken refuge in the forests. In several places the peasants have seized the insurgents. At Ladin they captured 21, among whom is a Catholic Priest and have given them up to the authoriities.

Poland.

Threatening insurrections have broken out in Poland. In the provinces around Warsaw simultaneous attacks were made on the troops in their various cantonments.

Many soldiers were killed. A second massacre of St. Bartholemew, was said to have been intended. At latest accounts Warsaw was tranquil and energetic measures had been taken to suppress the revolt elsewhere.

All the prisoners have been tried by Court Martial. The conscription has been carried out at Rock without resistance. Warsaw is tranquil.

Greece.

The London *Times* strongly supports the candidature of the Duke of Saxe Coburg, who is now the only candidate for the throne of Greece.

It is understood that the Duke does not propose to surrender his hereditary dominions, while accepting the throne of Greece; but making his residence at Athens he will entrust his German duchy to the care of a regent.

The *Post* says the Prince of Leimingsen is the real candidate. He is a grandson of the late Duchess of Kent.

THREE DAYS LATER.

The steamer Bohemian, from Liverpool Jan. 31st, and Queenstown Feb. 1st, arrived at Portland on the 15th inst.

It is assumed by several parties that the Emperor's proposal to the American Government is merely preliminary to a more important step, and if refused, the recognition of the Confederates will follow, whether England joins or not. It is reported that the proposal was submitted to Slidell in advance, and he and other secessionists pronounce it entirely inadmissible.

There are rumors of more difficulties between the British and Washington governments owing to seizures of English vessels on and near the coast of Bahama.

The emancipation demonstration in Exeter Hall was a most enthusiastic affair, and in numbers, one of the most important since the days of the corn law league. The hall was crammed, and two other meetings were organized out of the overflow. Resolutions were presented reiterating the sentiments of the emancipation society, and expressing great sympathy for the North. Hostile amendments were promptly voted down, and the resolutions were carried almost unanimously. The London *Times* was denounced amid groans and hisses. Similar meetings have been held at Bradford and other towns.

The operatives of Bradford have adoped a memorial thanking America for the relief afforded, and suggesting assistance to emigrate them as a more effectual method of affording relief.

The *Times* indulges in most glowing pictures of the present crisis in America, both military and financial.

Sir Robert Peel, in a recent speech, declared himself favorable to a separation of the North and South, and strongly condemned President Lincoln's emancipation edict.

An address which was read in the House, expresses concern on account of the American struggle, and regrets that the great powers did not join France in the offer of mediation.

Poland.

WARSAW, Jan. 28. The insurgents have received considerable reinforcements from the better classes of society, including many from Warsaw. The insurgents have captured some troops near Piotrkoe, including two Russian officers, who were immediately shot.

PAPER MANUFACTURE. The New York *Post*, in speaking of the new discoveries in the manufacture of paper, says: "The heavy boilers needed for preparing pulp from straw and wood require time to make, and workmen in iron are scarce just now. But we understand that a large number of mills have ordered such boilers, and that in a few months the public may hope to be independent, with the help of Congress, of the "Paper Maker's Association of the U. States."

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$8 75 to 10 50	Round Hog,	$5 00 to 6 00
Corn Meal,	1 25 to 1 37	Clear Salt Pork,	9 00 to 10 00
Rye Meal,	1 20 to 1 35	Mutton,	6 to 10
Wheat,	1 62 to 2 00	Turkeys,	8 to 10
Rye,	90 to 95	Chickens,	7 to 8
Corn,	1 10 to 1 15	Geese,	7 to 10
Barley,	1 00 1 10	Clover seed,	12 to 16
Beans,	2 25 to 2 75	Herdsgrass,	3 25 to 3 00
Oats,	50 to 52	Red Top,	80 to 1 00
Potatoes,	40 to 45	Hay,	8 00 to 10 00
Dried Apples,	6 to 8	Lime,	75 to 85
Cooking "	25 to	Fleece Wool,	55 to 58
Winter "	40 to 50	Pulled Wool,	52 to 55
Butter	18 to 20	Sheep Skins,	1 00 to 1 75
Cheese,	10 to 11	Hides,	7 to 7½
Eggs,	15 to 18	Calf Skins,	11 to 12
Lard,	12 to 13	Lamb Skins,	1 00 to 1 50

BRIGHTON MARKET---Feb. 12.

At market, 1003 Beeves, 127 Stores, 2000 Sheep and Lamb, and 50 Swine.

PRICES—*Market Beef*—Extra $7,50; first quality $7,00; second do., $6,00; third do. $5,00.

Working Oxen—$97, 100, 110, 123 @ $138.

Milch Cows—$46 @ $49; common $17 @ $19.

Veal Calves—None.

Yearlings—$9,00 @ 10,50; two years old, $19 @ $20,; three years old $22 @ $23.

Hides—7½ @ 8c. *Calf Skins* 8 @ 9c. ℔ lb.

Tallow—Sales at 8c @ 8½c ℔ lb.

Pelts—$1 75 @ 2 00.

Sheep and Lambs—$3,75 @ $4,00; extra 4,25, @ 5 50.

Spring Pigs—Wholesale, 4c; retail, 5 @ 6c.

Beeves are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per pound of the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, the same price, at a shrinkage from live weight, agreed on by the parties, varying from 28 to 34 ℔ cent.

Remarks—Market opened active and last week's prices were fully sustained, but Beef was not of as good a quality. Sheep and Lambs—sales quick at last week's prices. Swine re the same as last week.

BOSTON MARKET....Feb. 14.

Flour—The market is steady but quiet for Flour, and the sales have been at $6,87 @ $7,00 for Western superfine; $7,50 @ $7,75 for common extras; $8,00 @ $8,50 for medium do.; and $9,00 $11,50 for good and choice brands, including favorite St. Louis.

CORN—Western mixed, 93 @ 95c, per bushel.

OATS—Western and Canada, 70 @ 72c ℔ bushel.

RYE—$1c ℔ bushel.

HAY—Sales of Eastern at $15½ @ $16.

WOOL—Fleece and pulled Wool, 58 @ 65c ℔ lb.

NEW YORK MARKET.....Feb. 16.

Flour—State and Western continues active but no decided change in price. Superfine State $6.80 a $7,00; extra do. $7,25 a 7,40; round hoop Ohio $7,65 a $7,75; super Western $6,80 a 7,00; southern unchanged—mixed to good $7,70 a $8,00; fancy and extra $8,15 a $10,25; Canada favors buyers—extra $7,35 a $9.25.

Wheat opened dull and 1 a 2 cents lower—Chicago spring $1,26; Milwaukie club $1 @ $1 34; red winter western $1 45 @ $1,46; Canada club 1 10 @ $1 17.

Corn 1 a 2c better—mixed western 90c @ 91c.

Barley—Sales at $1.45@ 1.60 per bushel.

Special Notices.

A COUGH, COLD, OR AN IRRITATED THROAT,

If allowed to progress, results in serious Pulmonary and Bronchial affections, oftentimes incurable.

BROWN'S BRONCHICAL TROCHES

reach *directly* the affected parts and give almost instant relief. In BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH they are beneficial. The good effects resulting from the use of the Troches, and their extended use, has caused them to be counterfeited. Be sure to guard against worthless imitations. Obtain only the genuine Brown's Bronchial Troches which have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. Public Speakers and Singers should use the Troches. Military officers and soldiers, who over-tax the voice and are exposed to sudden changes, should have them. Sold everywhere at 25 cents per box. 3m6

POOR RICHARD'S EYE AND EAR WATER!

This is the Best Preparation in the World!

TO BE HAD AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Cures Sore and Inflamed Eyes. Cures Dim Vision and Weak Sight. Cures Stoppage of the Tear Cures Catarrh. Cures Sore Throat. Cures and prevents Diptheria. Cures and prevents the Loss of Hair. Cures and prevents Eruptions on the Face or Skin. Cures Frosted Hands and Feet. Cures Chilblains. Cures Noise in the Head. Cures Running of the Ears. Cures Humors on the body. Cures all kindred diseases.

DIRECTIONS.—Bathe your Eyes and Ears; also rub the Water into the parts deceased. Further directions with each bottle.

PRICE.—25 cents per bottle; Tube, 6 cents to convey the Water into the Ear. MRS. M. G. BROWN, Proprietor,
410 Arch street, Philadelphia.

For sale by C. F. Potter and F. W. Kinsman, Augusta. 1y5

A CARD TO THE SUFFERING.

The REV. WILLIAM COSGROVE, while laboring as a Missionary in Japan, was cured of Consumption, when all other means had failed, by a recipe obtained from a learned physician residing in the great city of Jeddo. This recipe has cured great numbers who were suffering from Consumption, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds, and the debility and nervous depression caused by these disorders.

Desirous of benefitting others, I will send this recipe, which I have brought home with me, to all who need it, free of charge.

Address, REV. WM. COSGROVE,
1y1 439 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOW TO MAKE $5 A DAY,
When all other Efforts have failed.

HOOD & CO., 186 BROADWAY, New York, have just published **One Hundred Valuable Secrets**, possessing them any one, male or female, can easily make $5 a day, without capital, in any city or village. Every one should possess these Secrets, for they are worth $500 to any single or married person. Some of these Secrets have been sold for $20 each. One alone cost us $250 for the right to publish it. When you once own them you will never part with them for money. Several persons are now making $120 per month by these Secrets alone. By them any person may make money easily and rapidly. We send one Book of Secrets for 25 cents, two copies 40 cents, club of three for 50 cents, club of four 65 cents, club of five 75 cents, club of eight copies $1. Send Government money. 1y10

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No. 37 Park Row, N. Y., and 6 State St., Boston,

Are our Agents for the *Maine Farmer* in those cities, and are authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at our *Lowest Rates*. 23

☞ See a woman in another column picking Sambuci Grapes, for Speer's Wine. It is an admirable article, used in hospitals, and by the first families in Paris, London and New York, in preference to old Port Wine. It is worth a trial, as it gives great satisfaction. 6tf

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☞ ARTIFICIAL HONEY, equal to Bees, at half the cost. Can be made by any one, and at any time. Agents are making money rapidly. See advertisement headed $50 per month!

Married.

In Wayne, Feb 11th, by A. K. P. Burgess, Esq., Charles A. Remick to Sarah W. Besse, both of Winthrop.

In Wilton, Jan. 20th, by R. B. Fuller, Esq., Sylvanus P. Wilkins to Nancy T. Mosher.

In Lewiston, John W. Libbey to Adelia A. Burgess.

In Brewer, David H. Brewer to Cordelia Cook.

In Waterville, Lieut. Col. Francis E. Heath, 19th Me. Regt., to Clara S. Moore.

In Warren, Charles A. Fogler to Lucretia Fitzgerald, both of Waldoboro'.

In Portland, James S. Pearson to Apphia J. Merrill.

In Machiasport, Capt. James Cole to Lorenda Thompson.

In Harrington, Samuel G. Wooster to Rosina Reynolds, both of Columbia.

Died.

In China, Feb. 5th, John A. Mitchell, aged 17 years, son of Jeremiah Mitchell; Jan. 23d, of diptheria, Francis M., aged 16 years; Jan. 25th, Charity Mabel, aged 3 years; Jan. 26th, Rhoda Ella, aged 14 years 1 month; Jan. 26th, Arthur Wesley, aged 5 years 2 months; Feb. 3d, Emma Jane, aged 9 years 11 months, children of Jason and Ann S. Dodge.

In Litchfield, Feb. 7th, Rev. Thomas Ayer, aged 66 years.

In Leeds, Jan. 27th, of consumption, Charles D., son of Isaac Boothby, Esq., aged 21 years 8 months. This is the third death in Mr. Boothby's family within a year past. In July last he buried his eldest daughter, and his eldest son fell in battle at Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December last.

In Carrollton, La., of typhoid fever, William W., son of Benj. and Ruth Johnston of East Vassalboro', a member of Co. D, 14th Me. Regt., aged 26 years.

In Wayne, Feb. 7th, Mrs. Priscilla, wife of John Stevens, aged 59 years 8 months.

At Brook's Station, Va., Dec. 5th, of camp disease, Charles A. Adkins, aged 18 years 6 months. He was a member of 16th Me. Regt.

In Portland, Frances O., wife of Nath'l S. Ferauld, aged 23 years.

In Hiram, Dea. Samuel Hill, formerly of Saco, aged 99 years.

Cornish, Mrs. Olive S. Warren, aged 23 years.

In Sociatico, Ebenezer Gray, aged 67 years.

In Belmont, William White, aged 74 years.

In Concord, Mrs. Rachel, wife of Daniel Stewart, aged 52 yrs.

MONMOUTH ACADEMY.

The SPRING TERM of this Institution will commence on MONDAY, March 24, 1863.

GEORGE W. FROST, Principal.
NELLIE A. BROWN, Teacher of Music.

Mr. Frost, with such assistance as the School demands, will labor no less earnestly than heretofore to aid the student in erecting for himself that lasting monument—a thorough education.

TUITION AND BOARD.

Primary,	$1 00
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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Poetry.

"ALL QUIET ALONG OUR LINES."

And is it truly so?
Does quiet reign beside the blood stained stream
Which separates us from our brother foe,
Whose cannon yonder gleam?

Nay, quiet is not here;
Beneath this seeming silence there are sounds!
Which like suppressed volcanoes, seem not near,
Until they leap their bounds.

Approach the doleful place,
Where lie the victims of the vengeful ire
Of men, who seek the thraldom of a race
As their supreme desire.

Where gallant lives outflow
Through gaping wounds in forms of sturdy braves;
Where fever's fatal flushes fade and glow,
And wild delirium raves—

Where hapless cripples groan;
Where vulture-like consumptions stand and feed
Upon the vitals of the soldier prone—
Does quiet rule indeed?

Now mark yon leader's mien,
Whose brow, contracted with its weight of care,
Scarce serves the tumult of his soul to screen!
No quiet can be there.

Or pass along the lines,
Where quick commands and rattling arms resound;
Where War her mighty enginery confines—
Can gentle Peace be found?

Or where the pickets watch
With practiced eye and ear the wily foe,
Anon with fluttering hearts alarm to catch
Of some unlooked-for blow.

Like the electric stream,
So soon to startle in the lightning's flash,
Is the late quiet which, though true it seem,
Portends the thunder's crash.

The storm about us raves,
Though we may sleep unconscious of its power;
Oh that while higher rise the dreaded waves,
We soon may hail the hour,

When some benignant form,
Like His who quelled the tempest by His will
On Galilee, may tour amid our storm,
Commanding—"Peace; be still!"

Our Story-Teller.

RUSSIAN TRAVEL.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE WHITE VILLAGE.

Not until 1863, when the act takes complete effect, shall we know the results of the emancipation of thirty millions of serfs. While among the peasants, journeying from one part to another, about the time of the first edict on the subject, I tried to ascertain what value the peasants themselves set on the promised boon; but I could not find my way far into the mass of their ignorance and apathy.

One day I had the following conversation with a serf, who brought me a message:

"Your name is Evan Vasiliovitch; to whom do you belong?"

"I am the serf of Karmoritch."

"How many are you?"

"Two thousand souls are we."

"You will soon be free."

He looked at me from the corners of his eyes, and drawled out:

"Yes. If God and our Father wills."

"It will be better for you Evan; will it not?"

"God knows, baron; how should I know?"

"How much obrok do you pay?"

"Thirty roubles a year."

"Do you pay for it in work, or in money?"

"I work four days a week in the sugar fabric, to pay the obrok, passport and taxes."

"How much are the passport and taxes?"

"About three roubles and a half, beside other things."

"That is thirty-three roubles and a half you have to pay, and for this you work four days every day in the sugar-mill?"

"It is so, and hard work it is."

"When you get your freedom you will not require to pay obrok, or to work for it. Your time will be your own, to cultivate your ground. Will that not be better for you?"

"God give it. I don't know. But I am tired of working."

"How much land have you?"

"Three and a half deciatines" (ten acres.)

"Well, that is plenty to keep your family on. If you spend all your time on it and pay no obrok, is it not plenty?"

"I don't know, baron, but I am tired of working in the fabric."

"Now, tell me, Evan, what do you intend to do when you get your freedom? Will you remain here and work your ground, or will you seek bread somewhere else?"

He turned his eyes first up, then down, then on both sides, as if seeking to evade an answer, gave the peculiar peasant's shrug, and slowly muttered:

"I shall sleep, baron."

"And after you have slept, Evan!"

"I shall eat, baron."

"And after you have eaten, Evan?"

"I shall sleep again, baron."

"And when the black bread is gone, and when the pig and poultry are all eaten, and when the potatoes, carrots, and cabbages, are all eaten, and when there is no firewood nor pasture, what will you do then, Evan?"

"Then I will tell you, baron. Now, may God give you health, and thank you for the teamoney you are going to give me. Give you good day!"

I believe this is the case of nearly all the serfs. The condition of many of these people at this time may be judged from the following account of himself, I got with difficulty from a peasant who worked in a cotton mill.

"I earn four roubles (twelve and sixpence) a month. My time is all spent in the mill, from five o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night. My wife and two daughters work on the fields belonging to the baron, five days every week in the summer. They get no wages. In winter they do any kind of work required of them by the steward. My son, who is seventeen years old, works also in the mill, and gets two roubles a month. We have three deciatines of land. It is our own, so is the house. We can only raise a few potatoes, cabbages, and carrots. The women do this work. We keep a pig, and we have some ducks. We eat them. We get black flour from the econome (the steward's tommy-shop;) this is deducted from our wages. We pay no obrok from these wages nor taxes. Our work is counted for this; the steward manages all that. Somehow I am always in debt to the office. I have worked ten years in the mill, and am a good spinner. I don't know what we shall do when we get our freedom. We shall not work any more, I suppose. I may go begging; it is an easy life. I am now unfit for out-door work, but my son is able; let him cultivate the land. We are three thousand souls on this estate; a thousand nearly are away, and pay forty roubles obrok each year. They pay their own passports and taxes besides."

This is a sorry but true picture. Eleven pounds a year had this man and his family to live on! For this sum the father and son gave all their time in the mill, and the mother and two daughters five days a week in other work. In a free mill worked on the free principle, the father and son alone were worth, and were sure to receive, about sixty pounds, and the two daughters thirty; but they could be forced to pay out of that what their masters chose to exact for obrok and taxes. Many of the serfs are better off, and some are worse. The serfs, belonging at one time to the crown, are now free, and those possessed by the rich old families have paid five roubles obrok, and done what they pleased with their ground or themselves. Some of them are immensely rich and could purchase their freedom at fabulous sums, but great nobles sometimes choose to retain them, either as a reserve fund in case of need or from a foolish vanity in the possession of a serf worth half a million roubles. Such instances, however, are by no means common.

Intelligence reached us one day that something serious had happened among the serfs at a place called the White Village, twenty miles off. I started off to the place, in company with my Scotch friend Saunderson, who was then my visitor. The White Village was a village of considerable size, and the houses seemed to have once been of a more comfortable class than I had seen in those parts. Now it was a most desolate picture of extreme penury and woe; soldiers were in possession of every door; Cossacks patrolled the streets and the adjacent roads, so that but for my friend's clever assistance we should not have been allowed to enter. The steward's house, with all his property and stores, had been burnt down and he himself had been murdered. His family (a wife a son, and two daughters) could nowhere be found. Some ten peasants were dead, and many were wounded. A gang of serfs in irons, or bound with ropes, followed by screaming women, some with babies in their arms, were leaving the place under escort of Cossacks, who were jeering the poor wretches and probing them with lances, on their way to the government town prison; whence they would pass ultimately to the Siberian mines, no doubt.

This is the story of the outbreak:

General Obrassoff died and left his widow two estates; this of the White Village, which had come into his possession only a short time before his death, was one: the other was that upon which my friend Saunderson served as superintendent. The lady was a person of a tender heart, who had been well educated, and mixed in the best society. At her husband's death she left the capital and its pleasures, in order to devote herself to the education of her daughter, taking with her a first-rate governess and a little English girl as a companion and an English tutor. The little English girl, by name Lucy Murray, was fatherless, her mother was unable to educate her, and she was glad to give her companionship to the Russian young lady in exchange for good treatment and an education in German, French, and music.

Arrived at the White Village, which she had never seen before, the "generalshe" ("Mrs. General") decided upon living there for a time. While the old family house was being prepared for the reception, she stayed in a friend's house in the nearest town. The former proprietor of the White village had been rich, and easy with his serfs. He had possessed several estates of considerable extent lying widely separate from this part of the country, where he had never been but once; in fact, he knew very little of the White Village except that it was his, and that the steward sent or brought him plenty of excuses for the non-payment, but little money. It did not trouble him much, therefore, when the people on the estate passed to the General Obrassoff at cards or dice, he merely remarked (Madame Obrassoff is herself my authority here) that if the general made no more of the pigs than he had made of them, they would not be of much use to him. The general determined, however, to make the estate valuable. It was in the same country as his other property, and would form a large addition to his income if well handled. But soon after he had sent off a new steward with the discharge of the old steward in his pocket, and with orders to repair the house, buy stock, and raise the obrok from ten roubles to thirty, he died. Thus madame, good, tender-hearted Madame Obrassoff ruled in his stead until her child's majority.

On the morning after she had taken possession, and installed herself comfortably in her large wooden house, before she had quite got out of bed, the large plot of grass (which served for a lawn in front) was filled with a mass of human beings clad in most filthy rags, waiting to pay their respects to their new owner: the old starost heading the ragmuffins with evident pride and pleasure. English rags are bad, Scotch are worse, and Irish are worse, but Russian rags are beyond all conception. When the lady appeared on the lawn among her "souls" she was perfectly shocked by their wretched appearance; and the starost having marked with cunning satisfaction her aspect of sympathy, advanced first with a "welcome present," a lean goose, and laid it at her feet. He then kissed her feet and the feet of her daughter, and wished that all imaginable blessings might be poured down on their "high-born" heads. He then said that the present he had brought, was not fit to give to a stanavoy's clerk, far less to such a high-born generalshe, but it is all now left him to give, he was so poor! The rest of the ragged host advanced and followed suit, no one coming empty-handed. Some gave one egg, others a few berries or a bit of black bread, some a jug of kvass or an old paralytic hen; this one brought a starved rabbit, that one a small paper of salt or a few carrots. The speeches delivered on this occasion by some of the elder peasants were similar to that of the old starost. "High-born lady, we are your humble slaves. Forgive us for having nothing better to offer you. We are poor. Look at us with the golden eye, and have pity. God give you health and long life to live among us. We are poor, but obedient. We will all die for you. It is God's truth, lady, we are poor." Many of them shed tears profusely. The kind-kearted woman wept in sympathy, and pitied the degraded beings from the bottom of her heart. How could she exact thirty roubles a year from such people? How could she put a hard steward over them, to grind more out of them? Had not this been already carried too far?

"Starost," said she, "hear me. My husband gave orders before he died, that each man should pay thirty roubles obrok. Has the steward told you so, and are you willing to pay it?"

"High-born lady, it is truth. We have been told, but God knows we cannot pay it. All we have, is not worth thirty roubles each. You have beautiful eyes to look with. See these people. Is it possible that we can pay all this sum? Ah, lady! have compassion and be an angel, and make the obrok ten roubles as it was before."

"Steward," said the lady, "give me your opinion."

"My lady, honored and obeyed, it is my opinion that all this is a farce got up to deceive you. Don't believe them. They seem poor, but I suspect them to be the reverse. I cannot prove it yet, but I soon will. Follow, madam, your illustrious husband's design, and I shall pledge myself to find the obrok. I have done."

Here the whole body of the peasants, about fifteen hundred, at a secret sign from the starost surrounded the lady and fell on their knees, howling and crying.

"My children," she said, "I pity you. It is sad to look on you, with those rags. I will not ask you to pay what you cannot pay, but I must have some obrok, and shall be content with ten roubles each, if it is paid without trouble to me. I wish to be kind, and to live amongst you happily."

The starost crossed himself, and so did the multitude; the starost thanked the lady, and with many bendings and bowings vowed that this sum should be paid by the people, if he made them sell everything they had. They then parted; the lady rejoicing in having done a deed of mercy: the starost chuckling at the success of his trick: the new steward, finding his occupation gone, gave notice to quit, and so anticipated his dismissal.

Next day, while the general was giving orders in her new house, and the French governess, the daughter, and Lucy Murray, were at their first lessons, the cunning old starost and twenty other peasants, clad in good comfortable garments, and looking healthy and well to do, unearthed some thirty or forty very fine young horses of their own breeding and rearing, from a secret spot in which they had been hidden, and were soon on their way to the large fair in the government town, to sell them for from one thousand to fifteen hundred roubles: the greater part of which money, after being divided, was destined for their secret hoards, as soon as can be turned into hard cash. (Paper has no chance against bullion among the peasants.) The people of this village were to a man, dealers, breeders and rearers of horses, who attended all the fairs for many hundred versts around, and only used their own land and that of the estate for the pasturage. Instead of being poor they were the richest in the district, and none could have paid a higher obrok. But they had never paid under the old proprietor, and they would not, if cunning could save their pockets, under the new.

The lady remained under her delusion for a year. When the time came for the obrok to be paid in, a scene similar to the first, which had been so successful, was again enacted. The winter had been severe; the summer rains had not come; the rot, or something else, had got among the pigs and poultry; the crops of everything were nothing; they were all nearly starving; they could not pay any of the ten roubles; her high-born ladyship might come and see for herself; she might take all they had, but the obrok in money they could not pay. (Not a word was said about horses).

Again the trick succeeded. The other estate afforded means of living; this estate might improve with little patience and kindness; and the kind woman not only forgave the whole year's obrok, but reduced it to five roubles for the year. "Only remember, starost, this is my last step in that direction. If this five roubles each is not paid in good time, and if you assemble these people again without the money in their hands, I will sell the place and leave you. I will not struggle and fight, to get my money. I wish to be kind to you, but I must live, and it is a shame to you that I have to draw all my means from other poor serfs, who are perhaps as poor as you."

There is nothing more certain than that if you give a Russian serf an inch, he will take an ell. The next year came, and the five roubles did not. The poverty trick was again rehearsed, but this time her high-born ladyship dismissed the people with pain and anger, advertised the estate for sale, and as she threatened, sold it. All the horse dealing "souls" on it, their wives and children, horses, cattle, goods and chattels, became the property of a certain Gospodin Popoff, who had spent the greater part of his life in official service on a salary of some forty-five or sixty roubles per month, and who had managed to live up to three hundred roubles, and to save money enough to buy the White Village at twenty thousand roubles.

Herr Hausen—the steward whom Madame Obrassoff allowed to leave her—was appointed by Gospodin Popoff; for this steward had kept his eye on the estate ever since, knew more by this time of its capabilities, and felt chagrined at having been outwitted and driven away by the cunning old starost.

His first act indicated what was to be expected now. The venerable old starost, and twenty of the principal peasants were seized on their first repetition of the poverty farce, and received a very liberal supply of "stick." The stanavoy's men kept the stick going for half a day, and were well paid to lay it on hard; while Herr Hausen smiled complacently. This was the first turning of the tables, and they went running round from bad to worse. Each serf was served with a demand for three years' arrears of obrok, pass-port money and taxes, at a high rate. Failing to pay on the instant, the secret studs of horses and the more apparent goods of every kind, were appropriated and sold without the least compunction. The peasants were not allowed to leave the village, but were driven to work on the fields. Having formerly attended to nothing but horse dealing, they were now almost destitute of the kind of produce necessary to human life. The old and infirm had to chop wood for the steward, the children gathered oak nuts and cut grass in the woods, for his cows and pigs; his barns, stables, and store-houses, filled as those of the peasants emptied. He became corpulent in substance as they grew lean gaunt and hungry.

A sum equivalent to the purchase-money of the estate had already been realized; but this was not thought sufficient by Herr Hausen and his principal. They had not yet found any money; and money in hard cash there must be somewhere. Domiciliary visits had been made, the floors of the huts had been dug up, and every place the searchers could think of had been explored without success. At length, a Jew: one of those prowling sharp-featured wiry little fellows, who carry trinkets, gaudy-colored prints, handkerchiefs, and money, to exchange for corn, flax, feathers and other peasant produce, at a profit of eight hundred per cent. or so, gave a hint to Herr Hausen for a per centage on the money found. Measures were taken accordingly, and one day these peasants—already shorn to the bone of everything else—were deprived of their nest-egg. Where it was found, or how much it was, I did not hear, but hard bullion to a considerable amount was transferred to the iron safe in a strong room of the steward's house. The peasants were now poorer a thousand times, than they had ever wished the kind generalshe to believe them.

What follows of the story I had partly from the old starost as he lay in his hut dying from a a gun-shot wound, and partly from Lucy Murray at an after time.

One evening, four men stood at the end of a hut shaking something in a felt hat. One of them put his hand in and drew—he told the result, and the operation was repeated. Then the four separated and took different paths through the village, saying a few words quietly at every door. It was a cold clear night, soon after twilight, and the moon had risen in almost cloudless sky. Just as the old starost passed the steward's gate, he met little Lucy Murray going in.

"How do you do, starost? I hope your health is good. Good night. I must run to the house.

"Stay, maiden with the golden hair and the laughing eyes, tell me who there is now in yonder house besides the steward and his."

"Madame Obrassoff and her daughter sleep there to-night. You know we came for the last instalment of the purchase-money of the estate."

"When do you go?"

"To-morrow morning. We should have gone to-night, but it is late to begin a journey, and the horses want rest. Why do you ask, starost?"

"Listen, daughter of the English, and let my words go into your heart and remain there. Tell the generalshe from her old starost, who loves her and hers, though he has often deceived her, that she *must*—do you hear me say *must*?—leave that house in less than an hour. God dooms it, and all in it to destruction. Now tell her soon and secretly, but as you value your life and your own, tell it to none other but her." Go, and remember my words. Good-by, English child, and may God give you happiness!

So the starost passed on with the Russian fiery cross.

In about an hour after this, the groups of men in noiseless felt boots went their way to the church front. Each of these men was armed with only one weapon, but it was a deadly one opposed to anything but fire-arms: the tapore, or Russian short-axe. With this the Russian peasant can hew down trees, cut them into pieces and slabs, build houses, make windows or picture frames, sharpen and mend pens or pencils, kill a wolf or a bear, make tables and chairs, cleave his enemy's head from the crown to the neck. These men met at the church, each with his taptore stuck in his belt and resting on his hip. As each group approached the church every individual turned his body so as to face the holy emblems, images, and saints, the position of which he well knew, and with more than ordinary devotion bowed and crossed himself.

The starost lifted up his voice: "Brothers, many words, little deeds? Are you all ready and willing?"

Each man threw from his back the tapore, flourished it over his head, and answered: "Ready!"

"That is well. We cast lots whether it should be to-night, and the answer was 'All.' Follow me, then."

The body moved on, and but for the slight crisping under their felt boots, they moved like noiseless phantoms. They were in number about five hundred. Half way between the church and the steward's gate a carriage drove up; they opened to let it pass, and looked in. Madame Obrassoff, her daughter, and Lucy, pale as spectres, and quaking in every limb sat inside. Every man in the murderous band uncovered his head and bowed. The starost said, "Go in peace, kind woman and innocent girls. Thank God! They have heard my words." He little knew that Hausen's two daughters and his wife were concealed in the bottom of the lumbering vehicle. Lucy had warned not only Madame Obrassoff, but the steward and his family. His son, a young man of eighteen, had stepped out on the instant, mounted a fleet horse, and galloped to the nearest town for soldiers.

Thus was the steward left alone to meet the storm he had raised. Most tyrants are cowards, and Herr Hausen did not belie the statement. When the hatchets began to beat at his doors and windows, he became at last convinced (for he had until then derided the idea) that he had raised a demon he could never lay. He fled for refuge to some wretched hiding-place, as if any place in that great house could hide him from those who were now seeking his blood. His own domestics, all of them serfs to the village, joining the assailants, soon hunted him down and dragged him to the door front, when he was commanded to give up the money he had robbed them of. With trembling limbs and pallid cheeks, he obeyed, yielding his keys, and begged on his knees for mercy. In the most abject fear and cowardly despair he offered them all he possessed, promised forgiveness, and that he would reduce the obrok—anything, everything for his life. But mercy he had never shown, and mercy they did not show him. The axes of fifty men glittered in the cold moonlight and descended on his head. Then, when he was chopped to pieces, began the destruction. The wines and spirits found in the house added drunken madness to the madness of ignorant despairing vengeance, and morning found the revolted serfs dancing wildly about the dying embers of what had lately been the Steward's house, offices, stables and store-rooms. No thought of consequences entered their benighted heads. They had recovered the lost money and a great deal more; they had feasted to satiety on the rich stores of the steward; best of all, they had killed their enemy as they would kill a wolf. But consequences were not slow to come. A cry of "Soldiers!" was raised. Surprised, they ran this way to be met by a volley of musketry, and they ran that way to meet another volley. Dead and wounded fell like rotten sheep. The taporers were thrown down, the peasants fell on their knees screaming for mercy and surrendered at discretion.

RESISTANCE OF PAPER TO SHOT.

Experiments recently made in England, proves that paper pasteboard better resists shot from cannon than hard teak wood. Two targets were constructed with one-inch plate-iron—the one backed by fourteen inches in thickness of teak wood, the other backed by the same thickness of pasteboard. They were fired at with a Whitworth six pounder, using elongated shot, 5½ inches in length, and 2¼ in diameter, and the penetration was found to be twice as great in the timber-backed target as it was in the paper one. The targets were then fired at with a twelve pounder, and with like results. The resistance of pasteboard to shot has attracted so much attention on the other side of the atlantic, that further experiments are to be made with it.

☞ First class in philosophy, come up. Ichabod—"What are the properties of heat?" "The properties of heat is to bake bread, bile water, cook eggs, and"——"Stop. Next—What are the properties of heat?" "The properties of heat is to warm your toes when they get cold, by holding them to the fire, and so forth." "Next. You, Solon." "The chief properties of heat is that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them." "Very good, Solon. Can you give me an example?" "Yes, sir; in summer, when it is hot, the days are long; and in winter, when it is cold, the days get to be very short." "Go to the head, Solon; boys, take your seats;" and the learned pedagogue was lost in wonder that so familiar an illustration had escaped his philosophical mind.

Miscellaneous.

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;
Little boy and girl were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of green willows fringed the banks;
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherries red;
He was taller—'most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Strung a basket to and fro,
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering with Willie Grey.

"Prettie Katie," Willie said—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;"
And then tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much, after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stood again beside the brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook—

Is it strange that Willie said—
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hang with shadows cold and deep;

Will you trust me, Katie dear?
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands,
Late and early at the sands,
Is a cottage, where to-day
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In a porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,
That she swung in days agone;
This is long, and deep, and wide,
And has—rockers at the side!

—*Home Journal.*

INTO THE SUNSHINE.

"I wish father would come home."

The voice that said this had a troubled tone, the face that looked up was sad.

"Your father will be very angry," said an aunt, who was sitting in the room with a book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been lying in tears for half an hour, and with a touch of indignation in his voice answered:

"He will be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry."

For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half curiously, and let her eyes fall again upon the book that was in her hand. The boy laid himself down on the sofa again and hid his face from sight.

"That's father now!" He started up, after the lapse of nearly ten minutes, as the sound of a bell reached his ears, and he went to the room door. He stood there a little while, and then came slowly back, saying with a disappointed air:

"It isn't father. I wonder what keeps him so late. O I wish he would come!"

"You seem anxious to get deeper into trouble," remarked the aunt, who had only been in the house for a week, and who was neither very amiable, nor very sympathizing toward children. The boys fault provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment.

"I believe, Aunt Phebe, that you'd like to see me whipped," said the boy, a little warmly, "but you won't."

"I must confess," replied Aunt Phebe, "that a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of would not be out of place. If you were my child, I am sure you would not escape."

"I'm not your child; I don't want to be; father's good, and loves me."

"If your father is so good, and loves you so well, you must be very ungrateful, or a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness don't seem to have helped you much."

"Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by this unkindness of speech.

"Phebe!" it was the boy's mother who spoke now for the first time. In an under tone she added, "You are wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm rather than good."

Again the door-bell rang, and again the boy left the sofa, and went to the sitting-room door.

"It's father!" and he went gliding down stairs.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of his boy. "But what's the matter, my son? You don't look happy."

"Won't you come in here?" and Richard drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand.

"You are in trouble, my son. What has happened?"

The eyes of Richard filled with tears, as he looked up into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opened the door of a cabinet, brought out the fragment of a broken statuette, which had been sent home only the day before, and set them on a table before his father, over whose countenance came instantly a shadow of regret.

"Who did this, my son?" was asked in an even voice.

"I did it."

"How."

"I threw my ball in there once—only once in forgetfulness."

The poor boy's tones were husky and tremulous.

A little while Mr. Gordon sat, controlling himself, and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said, cheerfully:

"Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can see, and reproof enough for your thoughtlessness, so I shall not add a word to increase your pain."

"O father!" and the boy threw his arms about his father's neck, "you are *so* kind, *so* good."

Five minutes later, and Richard entered the sitting room with his father. Aunt Phebe looked up for two shadowed faces, but did not see them. She was puzzled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said, a little while after Mr. Gordon came in, "It was such an exquisite work of art. It is hopelessly ruined."

Richard was leaning against his father, when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon only smiled, and drew his arm closely around his boy. Mrs. Gordon threw upon her sister a look of warning, but it was unheeded.

"I think Richard was a very naughty boy."

"We have settled all that, Phebe," was the mild, but firm answer of Mr. Gordon, "and it is one of our rules to get into sunshine as quickly as possible."

Phebe was rebuked, while Richard looked grateful, and it may be, a little triumphant; for his aunt had borne down upon him rather too hard for a boy's patience to endure.

Into the sunshine as quickly as possible! O, is not that the better philosophy for our homes? Is it not true Christian philosophy? It is selfishness that grows angry and rebels, because a fault has been committed. Let us get the offender into the sunshine as quickly as possible, so that true thought and right feelings may grow vigorous in its warmth. We retain anger not that anger may act as a wholeseme discipline, but because we are unwilling to forgive. Ah, if we were always right with ourselves, we would oftener be right with our children.

☞ A good illustration of the old saying that "God helps those who help themselves," was recently afforded in the case of a Western soldier, who was found wounded in the woods four days after the battle of Antietam. He had always said that he would never be caught in battle without his "grub" and a canteen of water. Being at last disabled in the thigh and unable to walk, his well-stored haversack of crackers and supply of water served him at need, and dressing his wound with strips from his shirt, he quietly waited for some one to turn up. It was an unfrequented spot, but help at last came. He is now rapidly recovering.

☞ Christopher Beckworth, of Huron county, Ohio, has eleven sons. About a year ago they cast lots to see which one of their number should stay at home. The lot fell on Charles, being the youngest. Thereupon ten enlisted. When the last call was made, the last of the boys, with the consent of his parents, went to Cincinnati and enlisted in Capt. Sample's company, and is now off for the war. The entire family, at last advices, were well and doing good service. What a record, this, for the future!

☞ "Six feet in his boots?" exclaimed Mrs. Partington. "What will the importance of this world come to, I wonder?" "Why, they might just as reasonably tell me the man had six heads in his hat."

ALL IS FOR THE BEST.

AN EASTERN STORY.

Rabbi Akibo, compelled by violent persecution to quit his native land, wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts. His whole equipage consisted of a lamp, which he used to light at night in order to study the law; a cock, which served him instead of a watch, to announce to him the rising dawn; and an ass, on which he rode.

The sun was gradually sinking beneath the horizon, night was fast approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head, or where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued, and almost exhausted, he came at last near to a village. He was glad to find it inhabited, thinking where human beings dwelt, there dwelt also humanity and compassion; but he was mistaken. He asked for a night's lodging; it was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him; he was therefore obliged to seek shelter in a neighboring wood.

"It is hard, very hard," said he, not to find a hospitable roof to protect me against the inclemency of the weather; but God is just, and whatever he does is for the best."

He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the law. He had scarcely read a chapter, when a violent storm extinguished his light.

"What!" exclaimed he, "must I not be permitted even to pursue my favorite study? But God is just, and whatever He does is for the best."

He stretched himself on the bare earth, willing if possible, to have a few hours' sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes, when a fierce wolf came and killed the cock.

"What new misfortune is this?" ejaculated the astonished Akibo. "My companion is gone! Who, then, will henceforth awaken me to the study of the law? But God is just; He knows best what is good for us poor mortals."

Scarcely had he finished the sentance, when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass.

"What is to be done now? exclaimed the lonely wanderer. "My lamp and my cock are gone; my poor ass too is gone—all is gone! But, praised be the Lord, whatever He does is for the best."

He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to the village to see whether he could procure a horse or any beast of burden to enable him to pursue his journey; but what was his surprise not to find a single person alive!

It appears that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, murdered its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akibo had sufficiently recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice, and exclaimed:

"Thou Great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, now I know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind, often considering as evils what is intended for their preservation. But Thou alone art just and kind and merciful. Had not the hard-hearted people driven me, by their inhospitality, from the village, I should assuredly have shared their fate. Had not the wind extinguished my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot, and have murdered me. I perceive, also, that it was Thy mercy which deprived me of my two companions, that they might not, by their noise, give notice to the banditti, and tell them where I was taking my rest. Praised be Thy name for ever and ever."

CLAIRVOYANT WARNING.

I was running a Night Express train, and had a train of ten cars—eight passenger and two baggage cars—and all were well loaded. I was behind time, and was very anxious to make a certain point; therefore I was using every exertion, and putting the engine to the utmost speed of which she was capable. I was on a section of the road usually considered the best running ground on the line, and was endeavoring to make the most of it, when a conviction struck me that I must stop. A something seemed to tell me that to go ahead was dangerous, and that I must stop if I would save life. I looked back at my train, and it was all right. I strained my eyes and peered into darkness, and could see no signal of danger, nor anything betokening danger, and there I could see five miles in the daytime. I listened to the working of my engine, tried the water, looked at the scales and all was right. I tried to laugh myself out of what I then considered a childish fear; but, like Banquo's ghost, it would not down at my bidding, but grew stronger in its hold upon me. I thought of the ridicule I would have heaped upon me, if I did stop; but it was of no avail. The conviction—for by this time it had ripened into a conviction—that I must stop, grew stronger, and I resolved to stop; I shut off, and blew the whistle for brakes, accordingly. I came to a dead halt, got off, and went ahead a little way, without saying anything to anybody what was the matter. I had my lamp in my hand, and had gone about sixty feet, when I saw what convinced me that premonitions are sometimes possible. I dropped my lantern from my nerveless grasp, and sat down on the track, utterly unable to stand; for there was a switch, the thought of which had never entered my mind, as it never had been used since I had been on the road, and was known to be spiked, but which now was open to lead me off the track. The switch led to a stone quarry, from which stone for bridge purposes had been quarried, and the switch was left there, in case stone should be needed at any time; but it was always kept locked, and the switch-rail spiked. Yet here it was, wide open; and had I not obeyed my premonition—warning—call it what you will—I should have run into it, and at the end of the track, only about ten rods long, my heavy engine and train moving at the rate of forty-five miles per hour, would have come into collision with a solid wall of rock, eighteen feet high. The consequences, had I done so, can neither be imagined or described; but they could, by no possibility, have been otherwise than fatally horrid.

This is my experience in getting warnings from a source that I know not and cannot divine. It is a mystery to me—a mystery for which I am very thankful, however, although I dare not attempt to explain it, nor say whence it came.—*English Paper.*

SUCCESSFUL RUSE OF GENERAL ROSECRANS.

A letter from Murfreesboro', Tenn., relates the following incident of the sagacity of Gen. Rosecrans. The orders given to these imaginary regiments deceived the enemy and doubtless gave rise to the rebel reports of reinforcements to the Union army:

A cunning ruse—a Roland for Bragg's Oliver—was practiced upon the enemy, Friday night, Jan. 2. It was apparent that their numbers exceeded ours. Major Gen. Thomas, who is habitually deliberate, said the enemy outnumbered us some 5000 or 6000 men. After we occupied Murfreesboro', we ascertained beyond doubt that Kirby Smith's 10,000 men, which we knew had been detached from Bragg, ostensibly to go to Mississippi, had been quietly bivouacked among the mountains within call of Murfreesboro', and when the Army of the Cumberland moved upon Bragg, they were ordered back to the front. It was a cunning ruse. Bragg did it to bring on an attack, vainly imagining that his reinforcements would turn the scale of victory in his favor. But Friday night Gen. Rosecrans directed Lieut. Col. Langdon of Gen. McCook's staff, and Capt. C. R. Thompson of his own, each possessing voices of fine volume, to "move the 14th Division" to the right of our line as demonstratively as possible. You will remember that the "14th Division" was a myth. There was none such in the army. Langdon and Thompson, however, with powerful vocalization, deployed its columns into line, and illuminated the woods with blazing bivouac fires. Subsequently Gen. Rosecrans visited the camp of the "14th Division," and taking a lot of orderlies, each with a fire-brand in his hand, he laid out a long line of battle, with glowing picket stations, completely overlapping the left wing of the enemy. Bragg, in his jubilant dispatch to Jeff. Davis, said that "the enemy having received heavy reinforcements, he deemed it prudent to retire." The "14th Division," consisting of Lieut. Col. Langdon, Capt. Thompson, Capt. Fisher, and the General Commanding with his orderlies and a few flambaux, were all the reinforcements our army had received.

THE WRETCH.

A young lady who has the misfortune to reside in a boarding-house in this city, and who is vain of her pianoforte playing, was recently entertaining a party of friends with a fashionable song, when an old bachelor boarder rushed out of his room to the head of the stairs, and shouted:

"What are you hurting that pig for? Turn him into the street."

"What pig?" asked the lady, so astonished that she stopped singing.

The old bachelor descended the stair, looked into the room, and said, "I thought I heard a pig squealing in this room!

The young lady thought him a wretch, and said so.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA,
THE WORLD'S GREAT REMEDY FOR
Scrofula and Scrofulous Diseases.

From Emery Edes, a well known merchant of Oxford, Maine.

"I have sold large quantities of your Sarsaparilla, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers Sores, and Diseases of the Skin.

From Rev. Robt. Stratton, Bristol, England.

"I only do my duty to you and the public, when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your Sarsaparilla. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your Sarsaparilla. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well known and much esteemed lady of Dennisville, Cape May Co., N. J.

"My daughter has suffered for a year past with a scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your Sarsaparilla, which soon completely cured her."

From Charles P. Gage, Esq., of the widely known Gage, Murray & Co., manufacturers of enameled papers in Nashua, N. H.

"I had for several years a very troublesome *humor* in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became intolerable afflictive. I tried almost every thing a man could of both advice and medicine, but without any relief whatever, until I took your Sarsaparilla. It immediately made my face worse, as you told me it might for a time; but in a few weeks the new skin began to form under the blotches, and continued until my face is as smooth as any body's, and I am without any symptoms of the disease that I know of. I enjoy perfect health, and without a doubt owe it to your Sarsaparilla."

Erysipelas—General Debility—Purify the Blood.

From Dr. Robt. Sawin, Houston St New York.

"Dr. Ayer. I seldom fail to remove *Eruptions* and *Scrofulous Sores* by the persevering use of your Sarsaparilla, and I have just now cured an attack of *Malignant Erysipelas* with it. No alternative we possess equals the Sarsaparilla you have supplied to the profession as well as to the people."

From J. E. Johnston, Esq., Wakeman, Ohio.

"For twelve years, I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars worth of medicine. The ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the decided that my arm must be amputated. I began to take your Sarsaparilla. Took two bottles and some of your Pills. Together they have cured me. I am now as well and sound as any body. Being in a public place, my case is known to every body in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

From Hon. Henry Monro, M. P. P., of Newcastle, C. W., a leading member of the Canadian Parliament.

"I have used your Sarsaparilla in my family, for general *debility*, and for *purifying the blood*, with very beneficial results, and feel confidence in commending it to the afflicted."

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.

*From